

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES,
A
FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esquire.

—Mores hominum multorum vidit—

VOL. IV.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOSEPH WENMAN,
No. 144, FLEET-STREET.

M.DCC.LXXX.



THE
HISTORY
OF A
FOUNDLING.

[Continuation of BOOK VII.]

CHAP. VI.

Containing great variety of matter.

THE Squire overtook his sister just as she was stepping into the coach, and partly by force and partly by solicitations, prevailed upon her to order her horses back into their quarters. He succeeded in this attempt without much difficulty; for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a most placable disposition, and greatly loved her brother, though she despised his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

Poor Sophia, who had first set on foot this reconciliation, was now made the sacrifice to it. They both concurred in their censures on her conduct; jointly declared war against her; and directly proceeded to counsel, how to carry it on in the most vigorous manner. For this purpose, Mrs. Western

proposed not only an immediate conclusion of the treaty with Allworthy; but as immediately to carry it into execution; saying, 'That there was no other way to succeed with her niece but by violent methods, which she was convinced Sophia had not sufficient resolution to resist.' 'By violent,' says she, 'I mean rather, hasty measures: for as to confinement or absolute force, no such things must or can be attempted. Our plan must be concerted for a surprize, and not for a storm.'

These matters were resolved on, when Mr. Blifil came to pay a visit to his mistress. The Squire no sooner heard of his arrival, than he stepped aside, by his sister's advice, to give his daughter orders for the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the most bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refusal.

The impetuosity of the Squire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wisely foresaw, was not able to resist him. She agreed, therefore, to see Blifil, though she had scarce spirits or strength sufficient to utter her assent. Indeed, to give a peremptory denial to a father whom she so tenderly loved, was no easy task. Had this circumstance been out of the case, much less resolution than what she was really mistress of, would, perhaps, have served her; but it is no unusual thing to ascribe those actions entirely to fear, which are in a great measure produced by love.

In pursuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory command, Sophia now admitted Mr. Blifil's visit. Scenes, like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have observed, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we shall strictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to pass over all those matters, which they despair of placing in a shining light. A rule, we conceive, of excellent use as well to the historian as to the poet; and which, if followed, must, at least, have this good

good effect, that many a great evil (for so all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a small one.

It is possible the great art used by Blifil at this interview, would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumstances her confident, and to have revealed the whole secret of her heart to him; but she had contracted so ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that she was resolved to place no confidence in him: for simplicity, when set on its guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed such as is generally prescribed to virgins upon the second formal visit from one who is appointed for their husband.

But though Blifil declared himself perfectly satisfied with his reception to the Squire, yet that gentleman, who in company with his sister had overheard all, was not so well pleased. He resolved, in pursuance of the advice of the sage lady, to push matters as forward as possible; and addressing himself to his intended son-in-law in the hunting phrase, he cry'd, after a loud holla, 'Follow her, boy, follow her; run in, run in, that's it, honeys. Dead, dead, dead.—Never be bashful, nor stand shall I, shall I?' —'Allworthy and I can finish all matters between us this afternoon, and let us ha' the wedding to-morrow.'

Blifil having conveyed the utmost satisfaction into his countenance, answered; 'As there is nothing, Sir, in this world, which I so eagerly desire as an alliance with your family, except my union with the most amiable and deserving Sophia, you may easily imagine how impatient I must be to see myself in possession of my two highest wishes. If I have not therefore importuned you on this head, you will impute it only to my fear of offending the lady, by endeavouring to hurry on so blessed an event, faster than a strict compliance with all the

'rules of decency and decorum will permit. But if by your interest, Sir, she might be induced to dispense with any formalities—'

'Formalities? with a pox!' answered the Squire, 'Pooh, all stuff and nonsense. I tell thee, she shall ha' thee to-morrow; you will know the world better hereafter, when you come to my age. Women never gi' their consent, man, if they can help it; 'tis not the fashion. If I had staid for her mother's consent, I might have been a batchelor to this day.—To her, to her, co to her, that's it, you jolly dog. I tell thee that ha' her to-morrow morning.'

Blifil suffered himself to be overpowered by the forcible rhetoric of the Squire; and it being agreed that Western should close with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having first earnestly begged that no violence might be offered to the lady by this haste; in the same manner as a popish inquisitor begs the lay power to do no violence to the heretic delivered over to it, and against whom the church hath passed sentence.

And to say the truth, Blifil had passed sentence against Sophia; for however pleased he had declared himself to Western, with his reception, he was by no means satisfied, unless it was that he was satisfied of the hatred and scorn of his mistress; and this had produced no less reciprocal hatred and scorn in him. It may, perhaps, be asked, Why then did he not put an immediate end to all further courtship? I answer, for that very reason, as well as for several others equally good, which we shall now proceed to open to the reader.

Though Mr. Blifil was not of the complexion of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he saw; yet he was far from being destitute of that appetite which is said to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewise that distinguishing taste, which serves to direct men in their choice of the object

jest or food of their several appetites; and this taught him to consider Sophia as a most delicious morsel, indeed to regard her with the same desires which an ortolan inspires into the soul of an epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightness to her eyes, and her breast rose higher with her sighs. Indeed no one hath seen beauty in its highest lustre, who hath never seen it in distress. Blifil therefore looked on this human ortolan with greater desire than when he viewed her last; nor was his desire at all lessened by the aversion which he discovered in her to himself. On the contrary, this served rather to heighten the pleasure he proposed in rising her charms, as it added triumph to lust: nay, he had some further views, from obtaining the absolute possession of her person, which we detest too much even to mention; and revenge itself was not without its share in the gratifications which he promised himself. The rivalling poor Jones, and supplanting him in her affection, added another spur to his pursuit, and promised another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

Besides all these views, which to some scrupulous persons may seem to favour too much of malevolence, he had one prospect, which few readers will regard with any great abhorrence. And this was the estate of Mr. Western; which was all to be settled on his daughter and her issue; for so extravagant was the affection of that fond parent, that provided his child would but consent to be miserable with the husband he chose, he cared not at what price he purchased him.

For these reasons Mr. Blifil was so desirous of the match, that he intended to deceive Sophia by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himself of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end proposed

was religious (as surely matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the means. As, to other occasions he used to apply the philosophy of Square, which taught, that the end was immaterial, so that the means were fair and consistent with moral rectitude. To say truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantage from the precepts of one or other of those great masters.

Little deceit was indeed necessary to be practised on Mr. Western; who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little consequence, as Blifil himself conceived them to be: but as the sentiments of Mr. Allworthy were of a very different kind, so it was absolutely necessary to impose on him. In this, however, Blifil was so well assisted by Western, that he succeeded without difficulty: for as Mr. Allworthy had been assured by her father, that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had suspected concerning Jones, was entirely false, Blifil had nothing more to do than to confirm these assertions; which he did with such equivocations, that he preserved a salvo for his conscience; and had the satisfaction of conveying a lie to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia, by Allworthy, who said, 'he would on no account be accessary to forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own will;' he answered, 'That the real sentiments of young ladies were very difficult to be understood; that her behaviour to him was full as forward as he wished it, and that if he could believe her father, she had all the affection for him which any lover could desire. As for Jones,' said he, 'whom I am loth to call villain, though his behaviour to you, Sir, sufficiently justifies the appellation, his own vanity, or perhaps some wicked views, might make him boast of a falsehood; for if there had been any reality in Miss Western's love to him, the greatness of her fortune

'fortune would never have suffered him to desert her, as you are well informed he hath. Lastly, Sir, I promise you I would not myself, for any consideration, no not for the whole world, consent to marry this young lady, if I was not persuaded she had all the passion for me which I desire she should have.'

This excellent method of conveying a falsehood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and imposture, hath quieted the conscience of many a notable deceiver; and yet, when we consider that it is omniscience on which these endeavour to impose, it may possibly seem capable only of affording a very superficial comfort; and that this artful and refined distinction between communicating a lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it costs them.

Allworthy was pretty well satisfied with what Mr. Western and Mr. Bhfil told him; and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the office of the priest, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up so much time, that Western offered to bind himself by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happiness of the young couple. Indeed he was so very earnest and pressing, that an indifferent person might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was: but this eagerness was natural to him on all occasions; and he conducted every scheme he undertook in such a manner, as if the success of that alone was sufficient to constitute the whole happiness of his life.

The joint importunities of both father and son-in-law would probably have prevailed on Mr. Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happiness to others, had not Sophia herself prevented it, and taken measures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of those

taxes which these wise bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human species, in a lawful manner. Of which in the next chapter.

C H A P. VII.

A strange resolution of Sophia, and a more strange stratagem of Mrs. Honour.

THOUGH Mrs. Honour was principally attached to her own interest, she was not without some little attachment to Sophia. To say truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She no sooner, therefore, heard a piece of news, which she imagined to be of great importance to her mistress, than quite forgetting the anger which she had conceived two days before, at her unpleasant dismissal from Sophia's presence, she ran hastily to inform her of this news.

The beginning of her discourse was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. 'O dear Ma'am,' says she, 'what doth your la'ship think? To be sure, I am frightened out of my wits; and yet I thought it my duty to tell your la'ship, though perhaps it may make you angry, for we servants don't always know what will make our ladies angry; for to be sure, every thing is always laid to the charge of a servant. When our ladies are out of humour, to be sure, we must be scolded; and to be sure I should not wonder if your la'ship should be out of humour; nay, it must surprize you certainly, ay, and shock you too.'——'Good Honour! let me know it without any longer preface,' says Sophia, 'there are few things I promise you which will surprize, and fewer which will shock me.' 'Dear Ma'am,' answered Honour, 'to be sure, I overheard my master talking to parson Supple about getting a licence this very afternoon; and to be sure I
' heard

'heard him say your la'ship should be married to-
 morrow morning!' Sophia turned pale at these
 words, and repeated eagerly, 'To-morrow morn-
 ing!'—'Yes, Madam,' replied the trusty waiting-
 woman, 'I will take my oath I heard my master
 say so.' 'Honour,' says Sophia, 'you have both
 surprized and shocked me to such a degree, that I
 have scarce any breath or spirits left. What is to
 be done in my dreadful situation?' 'I wish I
 was able to advise your la'ship,' says she; 'Do,
 advise me,' cries Sophia, 'pray, dear Honour,
 advise me. Think what you would attempt if it
 was your own case.' Indeed, Ma'am,' cries Ho-
 nour, 'I wish your la'ship and I could change
 situations; that is, I mean, without hurting your
 la'ship; for to be sure I don't wish you so bad as
 to be a servant; but because that if so be it was my
 case, I should find no manner of difficulty in it;
 for in my poor opinion, young Squire Blifil is a
 charming, sweet, handsome man'—Don't mention
 such stuff,' cries Sophia—'Such stuff,' repeated
 Honour, 'why there—Well, to be sure, what's one
 man's meat is another man's poison, and the same
 is altogether as true of women.' 'Honour,' says
 Sophia, 'rather than submit to be the wife of that
 contemptible wretch, I would plunge a dagger
 into my heart.' 'O lud, Ma'am! answered the
 other, 'I am sure you frighten me out of my wits
 now. Let me beseech your la'ship not to suffer
 such wicked thoughts to come into your head. O
 lud! to be sure I tremble every inch of me. Dear
 Ma'am, consider—that to be denied christian burial,
 and to have your corpse buried in the highway,
 and a stake drove through you, as farmer Half-
 penny was served at Oxcross, and, to be sure, his
 ghost hath walked there ever since; for several
 people have seen him. To be sure it can be no-
 thing but the devil which can put such wicked
 thoughts into the head of any body; for certainly
 ' it

‘ it is less wicked to hurt all the world than one’s own dear self, and so I have heard said by more parsons than one. If your la’ship hath such a violent aversion, and hates the young gentleman so very bad, that you can’t bear to think of going into bed to him; for to be sure there may be such antipathies in nature, and one had lieverer touch a toad than the flesh of some people’—

Sophia had been too much wrapped in contemplation to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent discourse of her maid; interrupting her, therefore, without making any answer to it, she said, ‘ Honour, I am come to a resolution. I am determined to leave my father’s house this very night; and if you have the friendship for me which you have often professed, you will keep me company.’ ‘ That I will Ma’am, to the world’s end,’ answered Honour; ‘ but I beg your la’ship to consider the consequence, before you undertake any rash action. Where can your la’ship possibly go?’ ‘ There is,’ replied Sophia, ‘ a lady of quality in London, a relation of mine, who spent several months with my aunt in the country; during all which time she treated me with great kindness, and expressed so much pleasure in my company, that she earnestly desired my aunt to suffer me to go with her to London. As she is a woman of very great note, I shall easily find her out, and I make no doubt of being very well and kindly received by her.’ I would not have your la’ship too confident of that,’ cries Honour; ‘ for the first lady I lived with used to invite people very earnestly to her house; but if she heard afterwards they were coming, she used to get out of the way. Besides, though this lady would be very glad to see your la’ship, as to be sure any body would be glad to see your la’ship; yet when she hears your la’ship is run away from my master’—‘ You are mistaken,’ Honour,’ says Sophia, ‘ she looks upon the authority

‘ rity of a father in a much lower light than I do; for she pressed me violently to go to London with her, and when I refused to go without my father’s consent, she laughed me to scorn, called me silly country girl, and said I should make a pure loving wife, since I could be so dutiful a daughter. So I have no doubt but she will both receive me, and protect me too, till my father, finding me out of his power, can be brought to some reason.’

‘ Well, but, Ma’am,’ answered Honour, ‘ how doth your la’ship think of making your escape? Where will you get any horses or conveyance? for as for your own horse, as all the servants know a little how matters stand between my master and your la’ship, Robin will be hanged before he will suffer it to go out of the stable without my master’s express orders.’ ‘ I intend to escape,’ said Sophia, ‘ by walking out of the doors when they are open. I thank heaven my legs are very able to carry me. They have supported me many a long evening, after a fiddle, with no very agreeable partner; and surely they will assist me in running from so detestable a partner for life.’ ‘ O heavens, Ma’am, doth your la’ship know what you are saying?’ cries Honour, ‘ would you think of walking about the country by night and alone?’ ‘ Not alone,’ answered the lady, ‘ you have promised to bear me company.’ ‘ Yes, to be sure,’ cries Honour, ‘ I will follow your la’ship through the world; but your la’ship had almost as good be alone; for I shall not be able to defend you, if any robbers, or other villains should meet with you. Nay, I should be in as horrible a fright as your la’ship; for to be certain, they would ravish us both. Besides, Ma’am, consider how cold the nights are now! we shall be frozen to death.’ ‘ A good brisk pace,’ answered Sophia, ‘ will preserve us from the cold; and if you cannot defend me from a villain, Honour, I will defend you; for
‘ I will

' I will take a pistol with me. There are two always charged in the hall.' ' Dear Ma'am, you frighten me more and more,' cries Honour, ' sure your la'ship would not venture to fire it off! I had rather run any chance, than your la'ship should do that.' ' Why so?' says Sophia, smiling; ' would not you, Honour, fire a pistol at any one who should attack your virtue?' ' To be sure, Ma'am;' cries Honour, ' one's virtue is a dear thing, especially to us poor servants; for it is our livelihood, as a body may say; yet I mortally hate fire-arms; for so many accidents happen by them.' ' Well, well,' says Sophia, ' I believe I may insure your virtue at a very cheap rate, without carrying any arms with us; for I intend to take horses at the very first town we come to, and we shall hardly be attacked in our way thither. Look'ee, Honour, I am resolved to go, and if you will attend me, I promise you I will reward you to the very utmost of my power'.

This last argument had a stronger effect on Honour than all the preceding. And since she saw her mistress so determined, she desisted from any further dissuasions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very stubborn difficulty occurred, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more easily got over by the mistress than by the maid: for when a lady hath once taken a resolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obstacles are considered as trifles. But Honour was inspired by no such motives; she had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to shun; and besides the real value of her clothes, in which consisted a great part of her fortune, she had a capricious fondness for several gowns, and other things; either because they became her, or because they were given her by such a particular person; because she had bought them lately, or because she had had them long; or for some other reasons equally good; so that
she

she could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor things behind her exposed to the mercy of Western, who, she doubted not, would make them suffer martyrdom in his rage.

The ingenious Mrs. Honour having applied all her oratory to dissuade her mistress from her purpose, when she found her positively determined, at last started the following expedient to remove her clothes, viz. to get herself turned out of doors that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. ‘ Oh! ‘ Ma’am,’ cries Honour, ‘ your la’ship may trust that ‘ to me; we servants very well know how to obtain ‘ this favour of our masters and mistresses; tho’ some- ‘ times indeed, where they owe us more wages than ‘ they can readily pay, they will put up with all our ‘ affronts, and will hardly take any warning we can ‘ give them; but the Squire is none of those; and ‘ since your la’ship is resolved upon setting out to- ‘ night, I warrant I get discharged this afternoon.’ It was then resolved that she should pack up some linen, and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorse than the sailor feels when he throws over the goods of others in order to save his own life.

C H A P. VIII.

Containing scenes of altercation, of no very uncommon kind.

MRS. Honour had scarce sooner parted from her young lady, than something (for I would not, like the old woman in Quivedo, injure the devil by any false accusation, and possibly he might have no hand in it) but something, I say, suggested itself to her, that by sacrificing Sophia and all her secrets to Mr. Western,

Western, she might probably make her fortune. Many considerations urged this discovery. The fair prospect of a handsome reward for so great and acceptable a service to the Squire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterprise she had undertaken; the uncertainty of its success; night, cold, robbers, ravishers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all these operate upon her, that she was almost determined to go directly to the Squire, and to lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge to decree on one side, before she had heard the other. And here, first, a journey to London appeared very strongly in support of Sophia. She eagerly longed to see a place in which she fancied charms short only of those which a raptured saint imagines in heaven. In the next place, as she knew Sophia to have much more generosity than her master; so her fidelity promised her a greater reward than she could gain by treachery. She then cross-examined all the articles which had raised her fears on the other side, and found, on fairly sifting the matter, that there was very little in them. And now both scales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her mistress being thrown into the scale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumstance struck upon her imagination, which might have had a dangerous effect, had its whole weight been fairly put into the other scale. This was the length of time which must intervene, before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promises; for though she was intitled to her mother's fortune at the death of her father, and to the sum of 3000*l.* left her by her uncle when she came of age; yet these were distant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generosity of the young lady; whereas the rewards she might expect from Mr. Western, were immediate. But while she was pursuing this thought, the good genius of Sophia, or that which presided over the integrity of Mrs. Honour, or perhaps mere chance, sent an accident in
her

her way, which at one preserved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended business.

Mrs. Western's maid claimed great superiority over Mrs. Honour, on several accounts. First, her birth was higher: for her great grandmother by the mother's side was a cousin, not far removed, to an Irish peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And lastly, she had been at London, and had of consequence seen more of the world. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. Honour with that reserve, and had always exacted of her those marks of distinction, which every order of females preserves and requires in conversation with those of an inferior order. Now as Honour did not at all times agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the respect which the other demanded, Mrs. Western's maid was not at all pleased with her company. Indeed, she earnestly longed to return home to the house of her mistress, where she domineered at will over all the other servants. She had been greatly, therefore, disappointed in the morning, when Mrs. Western had changed her mind on the very point of departure, and had been in what is vulgarly called, a glouting humour ever since.

In this humour, which was none of the sweetest, she came into the room where Mrs. Honour was debating with herself, in the manner we have above related. Honour no sooner saw her, than she addressed her in the following obliging phrase. 'Soh! Madam, I find we are to have the pleasure of your company longer, which I was afraid the quarrel between my master and your lady would have robbed us of.' — 'I don't know, Madam,' answered the other, 'who you mean by We and Us. I assure you I do not look on any of the servants in this house to be proper company for me. I am company, I hope, for their betters every day in the week. I do not speak on your account, Mrs. Honour; for you are a civilized young wo-
man;

‘man; and when you have seen a little more of the world, I shall not be ashamed to walk with you in St. James’s Park.’—‘Hoity, toity!’ cries Honour, ‘Madam is in her airs, I protest. Mrs. Honour, forsooth! sure, Madam, you might call me by my surname; for though my lady calls me Honour, I have a surname as well as other folks. Ashamed to walk with me, quotha! Marry, as good as yourself, I hope.’ Since you make such a return to my civility,’ said the other, ‘I must acquaint you, Mrs. Honour, that you are not so good as me. In the country one is indeed obliged to take up with all kind of trumpery, but in town I visit none but the women of women of quality. Indeed, Mrs. Honour, there is some difference, I hope, between you and me.’—‘I hope so too,’ answered Mrs. Honour. ‘there is some difference in our ages, and—I think in our persons.’ Upon speaking which last words, she strutted by Mrs. Western’s maid with the most provoking air of contempt; turning up her nose, tossing her head, and violently brushing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put on one of her most malicious sneers, and said, ‘Creature! you are below my anger; and it is beneath me to give ill words to such an audacious saucy trollop; but, huffy, I must tell you, your breeding shews the meanness of your birth, as well as of your education; and both very properly qualify you to be the mean serving woman of a country girl.’—‘Don’t abuse my lady,’ cries Honour, ‘I won’t take that of you: she’s as much better than yours as she is younger, and ten thousand times more handsomer.’

Here ill luck, or rather good luck, sent Mrs. Western to see her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach; and of which being asked the reason by her mistress, she presently acquainted her, that her tears were occasioned by the rude treatment of that creature there, meaning Honour.

nour. 'And, madam,' continued she, 'I could have despised all she said to me; but she hath had the audacity to affront your ladyship, and to call you ugly——Yes, madam, she called you ugly old cat, to my face. I could not bear to hear your ladyship called ugly.'—'Why do you repeat her impudence so often?' said Mrs. Western. And then turning to Mrs. Honour, she asked her, 'how she had the assurance to mention her name with disrespect?' 'Disrespect, Madam!' answered Honour, 'I never mentioned your name at all; I said somebody was not as handsome as my mistress, and to be sure, you know that as well as I.'—'Huffy,' replied the lady, 'I will make such a saucy trollop as yourself, know that I am not a proper subject of your discourse. And if my brother doth not discharge you this moment, I will never sleep in his house again. I will find him out and have you discharged this moment.' 'Discharged!' cries Honour, 'and suppose I am; there are more places in the world than one. Thank heaven, good servants need not want places; and if you turn away all who do not think you handsome, you will want servants very soon; let me tell you that.'

Mrs. Western spoke, or rather thundered in answer; but as she was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words; we shall therefore, omit inserting a speech, which at best would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in search of her brother, with a countenance so full of rage, that she resembled one of the furies rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a second bout at altercation, which soon produced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank, but without some loss of blood, of hair, and of lawn and muslin.

CHAP. IX.

The wise demeanour of Mr. Western in the character of a magistrate. A hint to justices of peace, concerning the necessary qualifications of a clerk; with extraordinary instances of paternal madness, and filial affection.

LOGICIANS sometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often over-reach themselves in a scheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. Honour, who instead of recovering the rest of her clothes, had like to have stopped even those she had on her back from escaping: for the Squire no sooner heard of her having abused his sister, than he swore twenty oaths he would send her to Bridewell.

Mrs. Western was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the trespass of a stage-coachman, who had overturned her post-chaise into a ditch; nay, she had even broken the law in refusing to prosecute a highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a sum of money, but of her ear-rings; at the same time d—ning her, and saying, ‘such handsome b——s as ‘you don’t want jewels to set them off, and be ‘d—ned to you.’ But now, so uncertain are our tempers, and so much do we at different times differ from ourselves, she would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for her own servant, prevail with her to desist from earnestly desiring her brother to execute justiceship (for it was indeed a syllable more than justice) on her wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a justice of peace ought ever to be without; namely, some understanding in the law of this realm. He therefore whispered in the ear of the justice, that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl

girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace; 'for I am afraid, Sir,' says he, 'you cannot legally commit any one to Bridewell only for ill-breeding.'

In matters of high importance, particularly in cases relating to the game, the justice was not always attentive to these admonitions of his clerk: for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many justices of peace suppose they have a large discretionary power. By virtue of which, under the notion of searching for, and taking away engines for the destruction of the game, they often commit trespasses, and sometimes felony at their pleasure.

But this offence was not of quite so high a nature, nor so dangerous to the society. Here, therefore, the justice behaved with some attention to the advice of his clerk; for, in fact, he had already had two informations exhibited against him in the King's-Bench, and had no curiosity to try a third.

The Squire, therefore, putting on a most wise and significant countenance, after a preface of several hum's and ha's, told his sister, that upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion that 'as there was no breaking up of the peace, such as the law,' says he, 'calls breaking open a door, as breaking a hedge, or breaking a head, or any such sort of breaking; the matter did not amount to a felonious kind of a thing, nor trespasses nor damages, and therefore, there was no punishment in the law for it.'

Mrs. Western said, 'she knew the law much better; that she had known servants very severely punished for affronting their masters:' and then named a certain justice of the peace in London, 'who,' she said, 'would commit a servant to Bridewell, at any time when a master or mistress desired it.'

'Like enough,' cries the Squire, 'it may be so in London; but the law is different in the country.' Here followed a very learned dispute between the brother and sister concerning the law, which we would

would insert, if we imagined many of our readers could understand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magistrate; and Mrs. Western was, in the end, obliged to content herself with the satisfaction of having Honour turned away; to which Sophia herself very readily and chearfully consented.

Thus Fortune, after having diverted herself, according to custom, with two or three frolicks, at last disposed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who, indeed, succeeded admirably well in her deceit, considering it was the first she had ever practised. And, to say the truth, I have often concluded, that the honest part of mankind would be much too hard for the knavish, if they would bring themselves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

Honour acted her part to the utmost perfection. She no sooner saw herself secure from all danger of Bridewell, a word which had raised most horrible ideas in her mind, than she resumed those airs which her terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her place, with as much affectation of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practised at the resignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleases, therefore, we chuse rather to say she resigned—which hath, indeed, been always held a synonymous expression with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. Western ordered her to be very expeditious in packing; for his sister declared she would not sleep another night under the same roof with so impudent a slut. To work therefore she went, and that so earnestly, that every thing was ready early in the evening; when having received her wages, away packed bag and baggage, to the great satisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the house, exactly at the dreadful
and

and ghostly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But first she was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In these Mrs Western herself began to talk to her in a more peremptory stile than before; but her father treated her in so violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will, which so highly pleased the good Squire, that he changed his frowns into smiles, and his menaces into promises; he vowed his whole soul was wrapped in hers, that her consent (for so he construed the words, 'You know, Sir, I must not, nor can refuse to obey any absolute command of yours,') had made him the happiest of mankind. He then gave her a large bank-bill to dispose of in any trinkets she pleased, and kissed and embraced her in the fondest manner, while tears of joy trickled from those eyes, which a few moments before had darted fire and rage against the dear object of all his affection.

Instances of this behaviour in parents are so common, that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little astonished at the whole conduct of Mr. Western. If he should, I own I am not able to account for it; since that he loved his daughter most tenderly, is, I think, beyond dispute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children most completely miserable by the same conduct; which, though it is almost universal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the most unaccountable of all the absurdities, which ever entered into the brain of 'that strange prodigious creature man.'

The latter part of Mr. Western's behaviour had so strong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it suggested a thought to her, which not all the sophistry of her politic aunt, nor all the menaces of her father, had ever once brought into her head. She revered her father so piously, and loved him so passionately

ly, that she had scarce ever felt more pleasing sensations, than what arose from the share she frequently had of contributing to his amusement, and sometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications; for he never could contain the delight of hearing her commended, which he had the satisfaction of hearing almost every day of her life. The idea, therefore, of the immense happiness she should convey to her father by her consent to this match, made a strong impression on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of such an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as she had a very deep sense of religion. Lastly, when she reflected how much she herself was to suffer, being indeed to become little less than a sacrifice, or a martyr, to filial love and duty, she felt an agreeable tickling in a certain little passion, which though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often so kind as to lend great assistance in executing the purposes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of so heroic an action, and began to compliment herself with much premature flattery; when Cupid, who lay hid in her muff, suddenly crept out, and, like Punchinello in a puppet-show, kicked all out before him. In truth (for we scorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine, by ascribing her actions to supernatural impulse) the thoughts of her beloved Jones, and some hopes (however distant) in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately destroyed all, which filial love, piety, and pride had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we must now look back to Mr. Jones.

C H A P. X.

Containing several matters, natural enough, perhaps, but low.

THE reader will be pleased to remember, that we left Mr. Jones in the beginning of this book, on his road to Bristol, being determined, to seek his fortune at sea; or rather, indeed, to fly away from his fortune on shore.

It happened (a thing not very unusual) that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; so that having missed his right track, and being ashamed to ask information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and it began to grow dark. Jones suspecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehensions; but he insisted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very strange if he should not know the road to Bristol; though, in reality, it would have been much stranger if he had known it, having never passed through it in his life before.

Jones had not such implicit faith in his guide, but that on their arrival at a village he enquired of the first fellow he saw, whether they were in the road to Bristol. 'Whence did you come?' cries the fellow. 'No matter,' says Jones, a little hastily, 'I want to know if this be the road to Bristol.'—'The road to Bristol!' cries the fellow, scratching his head; 'why, master, I believe you will hardly get to Bristol this way to-night.—'Prithee, friend, then,' answered Jones, 'do tell us which is the way.'—'Why, measter,' cries the fellow, 'you must be come out of your road the Lord knows whither: for thick way goeth to Gloucester.'—'Well, and which goes to Bristol?' said Jones. 'Why, you

'be going away from Bristol,' answered the fellow. 'Then,' said Jones, 'we must go back again.'—'Ay, you must,' said the fellow. 'Well, and when we come back to the top of the hill, which way must we take?'—'Why you must keep the strait road. But I remember there are two roads, one to the right, and the other to the left. Why you must keep the right-hand road, and then go strait forwards; only remember to turn first to your right, and then to your left again, and then to your right; and that brings you to the Squire's, and then you must keep strait forwards, and turn to the left.'

Another fellow now came up, and asked which way the gentlemen were going?—of which being informed by Jones, he first scratched his head, and then leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, 'That he must keep the right-hand road for about a mile, or a mile and half or such a matter, and then he must turn short to the left, which would bring him round by Measter Jin Bearn's.' 'But which is Mr. John Bearn's?' says Jones. 'Lord,' cries the fellow, 'why don't you know Measter Jin Bearn's? Whence then did you come?'

These two fellows had almost conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well looking man (who was indeed a quaker) accosted him thus: 'Friend, I perceive thou hast lost thy way; and if thou wilt take my advice, thou wilt not attempt to find it to-night. It is almost dark, and the road is difficult to hit; besides there have been several robberies committed lately between this and Bristol. Here is a very creditable good house just by, where thou may'st find good entertainment for thyself and thy cattle till morning.' Jones after a little persuasion agreed to stay in this place till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the public-house.

The landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told
Jones,

Jones, ' He hoped he would excuse the badness of his accommodation : for that his wife was gone from home, and had locked up almost every thing, and carried the keys along with her.' Indeed the fact was that a favourite daughter of hers was just married, and gone that morning home with her husband ; and that she and her mother together, had almost stripped the poor man of all his goods, as well as money : for though he had several children, this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her consideration ; and to the humour of this one child she would with pleasure have sacrificed all the rest, and her husband into the bargain.

Though Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone, yet he could not resist the importunities of the honest quaker ; who was the more desirous of sitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour ; and which the poor quaker thought his conversation might in some measure relieve.

After they had past some time together, in such a manner that my honest friend might have thought himself at one of his silent-meetings, the quaker began to be moved by some spirit or other, probably that of curiosity ; and said, ' Friend, I perceive some sad disaster hath befallen thee ; but, pray be of comfort. Perhaps thou hast lost a friend. If so, thou must consider we are all mortal. And why shouldst thou grieve, when thou knowest thy grief will do thy friend no good ? we are all born to affliction. I myself have my sorrows as well as thee, and most probably greater sorrows : though I have a clear estate of 100 l. a year, which is as much as I want ; and I have a conscience, I thank the Lord, void of offence ; my constitution is sound and strong, and there is no man can demand a debt of me, nor

‘accuse me of an injury—yet, friend, I should be concerned to think thee as miserable as myself.’

Here the quaker ended with a deep sigh; and Jones presently answered, ‘I am very sorry, Sir, for your unhappiness, whatever is the occasion of it.’—‘Ah! friend,’ replied the quaker, ‘one only daughter is the occasion. One who is my greatest delight upon earth, and who within this week is run away from me, and is married against my consent. I had provided her a proper match, a sober man, and one of substance; but she, forsooth, would chuse for herself, and away she is gone with a young fellow not worth a groat. If she had been dead, as I suppose thy friend is, I should have been happy!’—‘That is very strange, Sir,’ said Jones. ‘Why, would it not be better for her to be dead, than to be a beggar?’ replied the quaker: ‘For, as I told you, the fellow is not worth a groat; and surely she cannot expect that I shall ever give her a shilling. No, as she hath married for love, let her live on love if she can; let her carry her love to market, and see whether any one will change it into silver, or even into half-pence.’—‘You know your own concern best, Sir,’ said Jones. ‘It must have been,’ continued the quaker, ‘a long premeditated scheme to cheat me: for they have known one another from their infancy; and I always preached to her against love—and told her a thousand times over, it was all folly and wickedness. Nay, the cunning slut pretended to hearken to me, and to despise all wantonness of the flesh; and yet at last, broke out at a widow two pair of stairs: for I began, indeed, a little to suspect her, and had locked her up carefully, intending the very next morning to have married her up to my liking. But she disappointed me within a few hours, and escaped away to the lover of her own chusing, who lost no time: for they were married and bedded, and all within an hour.

‘But

‘ But it shall be the worst hour’s work for them both that ever they did ; for they may starve, or beg, or steal together for me. I will never give either of them a farthing.’ Here Jones starting up, cried, ‘ I really must be excused ; I wish you would leave me.’——‘ Come, come, friend,’ said the quaker, ‘ don’t give way to concern. You see there are other people miserable besides yourself.’——‘ I see there are madmen and fools and villains in the world,’ cries Jones——‘ But let me give you a piece of advice ; send for your daughter and son-in-law home, and don’t be yourself the only cause of misery to one you pretend to love.’——‘ Send for her and her husband home!’ cries the quaker loudly, ‘ I would sooner send for the two greatest enemies I have in the world!’——‘ Well, go home yourself, or where you please,’ said Jones : ‘ for I will sit no longer in such company.’——‘ Nay, friend,’ answered the quaker, ‘ I scorn to impose my company on any one.’ He then offered to pull money from his pocket, but Jones pushed him with some violence out of the room.

The subject of the quaker’s discourse had so deeply affected Jones, that he stared very wildly all the time he was speaking. This the quaker had observed ; and this, added to the rest of his behaviour, inspired honest Broadbrim with a conceit, that his companion was, in reality, out of his senses. Instead of resenting the affront, therefore, the quaker was moved with compassion for his unhappy circumstances ; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he desired him to take great care of his guest, and to treat him with the highest civility.

‘ Indeed,’ says the landlord, ‘ I shall use no such civility towards him : for it seems, for all his laced waistcoat there, he is no more a gentleman than myself ; but a poor parish bastard, bred up at a great squire’s about 30 miles off, and now turned out of doors, (not for any good to be sure.) I shall get

‘ him out of my house as soon as possible. If I do
‘ lose my reckoning, the first loss is always the best.
‘ It is not above a year ago that I lost a silver spoon.’
‘ What dost thou talk of a parish bastard, Robin?’
answered the quaker: ‘ Thou must certainly be
‘ mistaken in thy man.’

‘ Not at all,’ replied Robin; ‘ the guide, who
‘ knows him very well, told it me.’ For, indeed,
the guide had no sooner taken his place at the kitchen
fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all
he knew, or had ever heard concerning Jones.

The quaker was no sooner assured by this fellow
of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all com-
passion for him vanished; and the honest, plain man
went home, fired with no less indignation than a
duke would have felt, at receiving an affront from
such a person.

The landlord himself conceived an equal disdain
for his guest; so that when Jones rung the bell in
order to retire to bed, he was acquainted that he
could have no bed there. Besides disdain of the mean
condition of his guest, Robin entertained violent sus-
picion of his intentions, which were, he supposed, to
watch some favourable opportunity of robbing the
house. In reality, he might have been very well
eased of these apprehensions by the prudent precau-
tions of his wife and daughter, who had already re-
moved every thing which was not fixed to the free-
hold; but he was by nature suspicious, and had been
more particularly so since the loss of his spoon. In
short, the dread of being robbed totally absorbed the
comfortable consideration that he had nothing to
lose.

Jones being assured that he could have no bed,
very contentedly betook himself to a great chair
made with rushes, when sleep, which had lately
shunned his company in much better apartments, ge-
nerously paid him a visit in his humble cell.

As for the Landlord, he was prevented by his fears
from

from retiring to rest. He returned therefore to the kitchen fire, whence he could survey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather hole, where Jones was seated; and as for the window to that room, it was impossible for any creature larger than a cat to have made his escape through it.

C H A P. XI.

The adventure of a company of soldiers.

THE landlord having taken his seat directly opposite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The Guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, tho' they neither knew his suspicions, nor had any of their own. The true cause of their watching did indeed, at length, put an end to it; for this was no other than the strength and goodness of the beer, of which having tumbled a very large quantity, they grew at first very noisy and vociferous, and afterwards fell both asleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compose the fears of Robin. He continued still waking in his chair, with his eyes fixed stedfastly on the door which led into the apartment of Mr. Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his seat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no sooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all rushed upon him in as tumultuous a manner, as if they intended to take his little castle by storm.

The landlord was now forced from his post to furnish his numerous guests with beer, which they called for with great eagerness; and upon his second or third return from the cellar, he saw Mr. Jones standing before the fire in the midst of the soldiers; for it may easily be believed, that the arrival of so much good

company should put an end to any sleep, unless that from which we are only to be awakened by the last trumpet.

The company having now pretty well satisfied their thirst, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning; a circumstance often productive of much mischief and discontent among the inferior rank of gentry; who are apt to find great difficulty in assessing the sum, with exact regard to distributive justice, which directs, that every man shall pay according to the quantity which he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the present occasion; and it was the greater, as some gentlemen had in their extreme hurry, marched off, after their first draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the said reckoning.

A violent dispute now arose, in which every word may be said to have been deposed upon oath; for the oaths were at least equal to all the other words spoken. In this controversy, the whole company spoke together, and every man seemed wholly bent to extenuate the sum which fell to his share; so that the most probable conclusion which could be foreseen, was, that a large portion of the reckoning would fall to the landlord's share to pay, or (what is much the same thing) would remain unpaid.

All the while Mr. Jones was engaged in conversation with the serjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the present dispute, being privileged, by immemorial custom, from all contribution.

The dispute now grew so very warm, that it seemed to draw towards a military decision, when Jones stepping forward, silenced all their clamours at once, by declaring that he would pay the whole reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three shillings and four-pence.

This declaration procured Jones the thanks and applause of the whole company. The terms honourable,

nourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, refounded through the room; nay, my landlord himself began to have a better opinion of him, and almost to disbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The serjeant had informed Mr. Jones, that they were marching against the rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious duke of Cumberland. By which the reader may perceive (a circumstance which we have not thought necessary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the highest; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt pushing forward to the metropolis.

Jones had some heroic ingredients in his composition, and was a hearty well-wisher to the glorious cause of liberty, and of the protestant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumstances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild undertaking, it should occur to him to serve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had said all in his power to encourage and promote this good disposition, from the first moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble resolution aloud, which was received with great pleasure, by the whole company, who all cried out, 'God bless king George, and your honour;' and then added, with many oaths, 'We will stand by you both to the last drops of our blood.'

The gentleman, who had been all night tippling at the alehouse, was prevailed on by some arguments which a corporal had put into his hand, to undertake the same expedition. And now the portmanteau belonging to Mr. Jones being put up in the baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide, stepping up to Jones, said, 'Sir, I hope you will consider that the horses have been kept

‘out all night, and we have travelled a great way
 ‘out of our way.’ Jones was surprized at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the soldiers with the merits of his cause, who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some said, he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deserved to run the gauntlope; and the serjeant shook his cane at him, and wished he had him under his command, swearing heartily he would make an example of him.

Jones contented himself, however, with a negative punishment, and walked off with his new comrades, leaving the guide to the poor revenge of cursing and reviling him, in which latter the landlord joined, saying, ‘Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you.
 ‘A pretty gentleman, indeed, to go for a soldier.
 ‘He shall wear a laced waistcoat truly! It is an old
 ‘proverb and a true one, All is not gold that glitters.
 ‘I am glad my house is well rid of him.’

All that day the serjeant and the young soldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining stories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the service, and had, by his own dexterity, so well ingratiated himself with his officers, that he had promoted himself to a halbert, chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was most excellently well skilled.

Much mirth and festivity passed among the soldiers during their march. In which the many occurrences that had passed at their last quarters were remembered, and every one, with great freedom, made what jokes he pleased on his officers; some of which were of the coarser kind, and very near bordering on scandal. This brought to our hero’s mind the custom which he had read of among the Greeks and Romans,

mans, of indulging, on certain festivals and solemn occasions, the liberty to slaves, of using an untroubled freedom of speech towards their masters.

Our little army, which consisted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The serjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had picked up two fellows in that day's march; one of which, he said, was as fine a man as ever he saw (meaning the tippler) for that he was near six feet, well-proportioned, and strongly limbed; and the other (meaning Jones) would do well enough for the rear rank.

The new soldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the six foot man, he being first produced, came next to survey Jones; at the first sight of whom, the lieutenant could not help shewing some surprize; for, besides that he was very well dressed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely seen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inseparably annexed to the features of their superiors.

'Sir,' said the lieutenant, 'my serjeant informed me, that you are desirous of enlisting in the company I have at present under my command; if so, Sir, we shall very gladly receive a gentleman who promises to do much honour to the company, by bearing arms in it.'

Jones answered: 'That he had not mentioned any thing of enlisting himself; that he was most zealously attached to the glorious cause for which they were going to fight, and was very desirous of serving as a volunteer;' concluding with some compliments to the lieutenant, and expressing the great satisfaction he should have in being under his command.

The lieutenant returned his civility, commended his resolution, shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers.

C H A P.

CHAP. XII.

The adventure of a company of officers.

THE lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near sixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had served in the capacity of an ensign at the battle of Tannieres; here he had received two wounds, and had so well distinguished himself, that he was by the duke of Marlborough advanced to be a lieutenant, immediately after that battle.

In this commission he had continued ever since, viz. near forty years; during which time, he had seen vast numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whose fathers were at nurse when he had first entered into the service.

Nor was this ill success in his profession solely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of his colonel, who for many years continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable ill-will which this man bore him, to any neglect or deficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himself; but solely to the indiscretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, though she was remarkably fond of her husband, would not purchase his preferment at the expence of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

The poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew, nor suspected, that he really bore him any; for he could not suspect an ill-will for which he was not conscious of giving any
cause;

cause; and his wife, fearing what her husband's nice regard to his honour might have occasioned, contented herself with preserving her virtue, without enjoying the triumphs of her conquest.

This unfortunate officer (for so I think he may be called) had many good qualities, besides his merit in his profession; for he was a religious, honest, good-natured man; and had behaved so well in his command, that he was highly esteemed and beloved, not only by the soldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

The other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours; so that he really spoke no language at all, and could barely make himself understood, on the most ordinary occasions. There were likewise two ensigns, both very young fellows; one of whom hath been bred under an attorney, and the other was son to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As soon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company of the merriment which had passed among the soldiers upon their march; 'and yet,' says he, 'notwithstanding all their vociferation, I dare swear they will behave more like Grecians than Trojans when they come to the enemy,' 'Grecians and Trojans!' says one of the ensigns, 'who the devil are they? I have heard of all the troops in Europe, but never of any such as these.'

'Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have,' Mr. Northerton, said the worthy lieutenant; 'I suppose you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though, perhaps, you never read Pope's Homer; who, I remember, now the gentleman mentions it, compares the march of the Trojans to the cackling of geese, and greatly commends the silence of the Grecians. And upon my honour, there is great justice in the cadet's observation.'

'Begar,

‘ Begar, me remember dem ver well,’ said the French lieutenant, ‘ me ave read dem at school in dans Madam Daciere, des Greek, des Trojan, dey fight for von womau—ouy, ouy, me ave read all dat.’

‘ D—n Homo, with all my heart,’ says Northerton, ‘ I have the marks of him in my a— yet. There’s Thomas of our regiment, always carries a Homo in his pocket: d—n me if ever I come at it, if I don’t burn it. And there’s Corderius, another d—n’d son of a whore that hath got me many a flogging.’

‘ Then you have been at school, Mr. Northerton?’ said the lieutenant.

‘ Ay d—n me, have I,’ answered he, ‘ the devil take my father for sending me thither. The old putt wanted to make a parson of me, but d—n me, thinks I to myself, I’ll nick you there, old cull: the devil a smack of your nonsense shall you ever get into me. There’s Jemmy Oliver of our regiment, he narrowly escaped being a pimp too; and that would have been a thousand pities. For d—n me if he is not one of the prettiest fellows in the whole world; but he went farther than I with the old cull: for Jemmy can neither write nor read.’

‘ You give your friend a very good character,’ said the lieutenant, ‘ and a very deserved one, I dare say; but prithee, Northerton, leave off that foolish as well as wicked custom of swearing: for you are deceived, I promise you, if you think there is wit or politeness in it. I wish too, you would take my advice, and desist from abusing the clergy. Scandalous names and reflections cast on any body of men, must be always unjustifiable; but especially so, when thrown on so sacred a function: for to abuse the body is to abuse the function itself; and I leave to you to judge how inconsistent such behaviour is in men, who are going to fight in defence of the protestant religion.’

Mr,

Mr. Adderley, which was the name of the other ensign, had sat hitherto kicking his heels and humming a tune, without seeming to listen to the discourse; he now answered, 'O Monsieur, on ne parle pas de la religion dans la guerre.' 'Well said, Jack,' cries Northerton, 'if la religion was the only matter, the parsons should fight their own battles for me.'

'I don't know, gentlemen,' says Jones, 'what may be your opinion; but I think no man can engage in a nobler cause than that of his religion; and I have observed in the little I have read of history, that no soldiers have fought so bravely, as those who have been inspired with a religious zeal; for my own part, though I love my king and country, I hope, as well as any man in it, yet the protestant interest is no small motive to my becoming a volunteer in the cause.'

Northerton now winked on Adderley, and whispered to him sily, 'Smoke the prig, Adderley, smoke him.' Then turning to Jones, said to him, 'I am very glad, Sir, you have chosen our regiment to be a volunteer in: for if our parson should at any time take a cup too much, I find you can supply his place. I presume, Sir, you have been at the university; may I crave the favour to know what college?'

'Sir,' answered Jones, 'so far from having been at the university, I have even had the advantage of yourself: for I was never at school.'

'I presumed,' cries the ensign, 'only upon the information of your great learning——' 'Oh!

'Sir,' answered Jones, 'it is as possible for a man to know something without having been at school, as it is to have been at school and to know nothing.'

'Well said, young volunteer,' cries the lieutenant; upon my word, Northerton, you had better let him alone, for he will be too hard for you.'

Northerton

Northerton did not very well relish the sarcasm of Jones; but he thought the provocation was scarce sufficient to justify a blow, or a rascal, or scoundrel, which were the only repartees that suggested themselves. He was, therefore, silent at present: but resolved to take the first opportunity of returning the jest by abuse.

It now came to the turn of Mr. Jones to give a toast, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impossible, that any one present should guess the person he meant.

But the lieutenant, who was the toast-master, was not contented with Sophia only. He said, he must have her sur-name; upon which Jones hesitated a little, and presently after named Miss Sophia Western. Ensign Northerton declared he would not drink her health in the same round with his own toast, unless somebody would vouch for her. I know one Sophia Western, says he, 'that was lain-with by half the young fellows at Bath, and perhaps, this is the same woman.' Jones very solemnly assured him of the contrary; asserting that the young lady he named was one of great fashion and fortune. 'Ay, ay,' says the Ensign, 'and so she is; d—n me it is the same woman; and I'll hold half a dozen of Burgundy, Tom French of our regiment brings her into company with us at any tavern in Bridges-Street.' He then proceeded to describe her person exactly, (for he had seen her with her aunt) and concluded with saying, 'That her father had a great estate in Somersshire.'

The tenderness of lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the names of their mistresses. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero too in his disposition, did not resent these slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the truth, having seen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long

Long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really mistaken his charmer for some other. But now turning to the ensign with a stern aspect, he said, 'Pray, Sir, chuse some other subject for your wit: for I promise you I will bear no jelling with this lady's character.' 'Jesting,' cries the other, 'd—n me if ever I was more in earnest in my life. Tom French of our regiment had both her and her aunt at Bath.' 'Then I must tell you in earnest cries Jones, 'that you are one of the most impudent rascals upon earth.'

He had no sooner spoken these words, than the ensign, together with a volley of curses, discharged a bottle-full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him instantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionless before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honour was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interposed, by stepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty; urging the ill consequences of his stay, asking him, what he could have done less! 'Zounds!' says he, 'I was but in jest with the fellow. I never heard any harm of Miss Western in my life.' Have not you?' said the lieutenant, 'then you richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using a weapon. You are my prisoner, Sir; nor shall you stir from hence, till a proper guard comes to secure you.'

Such an ascendant had our Lieutenant over this ensign, that all that fervency of courage which had leavelled our poor hero with the floor, would scarce have animated the said ensign to have drawn his sword against the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his side; but all the swords being hung
up

up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, secured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final issue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the desire of their commanding officer, had raised up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) signs of life in him, they again let him fall. Adderly damning him for having blooded his waistcoat; and the Frenchman declaring 'Begar me no tush the Englifeman, de mort, me ave heard de Englifey, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tush him last.'

When the good lieutenant applied himself to the door, he applied himself likewise to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a file of musqueteers and a surgeon. These commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the soldiers, but presently drew up the landlord of the house, his wife and servants, and, indeed, every one else, who happened, at that time, to be in the inn.

To describe every particular, and to relate the whole conversation of the ensuing scene, is not within my power, unless I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now spoke. The reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first thing done was securing the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the custody of six men, with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the truth, so whimsical are the desires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired

retired to some corner of the world, where the fame of it should never have reached his ears.

It surprizes us, and so, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, should have applied his chief care, rather to secure the offender, than to preserve the life of the wounded person. We mention this observation, not with any view of pretending to account for so odd a behaviour, but lest some critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering it. We would have these gentlemen know we can see what is odd in characters as well as themselves, but it is our business to relate facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the part of the learned and sagacious reader to consult that original book of nature, whence every passage in our work is transcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different disposition. They suspended their curiosity concerning the person of the ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At present their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, soon began to discover some symptoms of life and motion. These were no sooner perceived by the company (for Jones was, at first, generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him: (for as none of the physical order was present, every one there took that office upon him).

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room: but unluckily there was no operator at hand: every one then cry'd, 'Call the barber;' but none stirred a step. Several cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of his strong beer, with a toast, which he said was the best cordial in England.

The

The person principally assistant on this occasion, indeed the only one who did any service, or seemed likely to do any, was the landlady. She cut off some of her hair, and applied it to the wound to stop the blood. She fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having exprest great contempt for her husband's prescription of beer, she dispatched one of her maids to her own closet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed upon Jones, who was just returned to his senses, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the surgeon, who having viewed the wound, having shaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient instantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him some time to his repose, and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

Containing the great address of the landlady; the great learning of a surgeon. and the solid skill in casuistry of the worthy lieutenant.

WHEN the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned; the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer; 'I am afraid, Sir, said she, this young man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your honours; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had had but his *deserts*; to be sure, when gentlemen admit inferior *parsons* into their company, they oft to keep their distance: but, as my first husband used to say, few of 'em know how to do it. For my own part, I am sure, I should not have suffered any fellows to include themselves into gentlemen's company: but I *tho't* he had been an officer himself, till the serjeant told me he was but a recruit.'

'Land-

‘ Landlady, answered the lieutenant, ‘ you mistake the whole matter. The young man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young fellow dies, the man who struck him will have most reason to be sorry for it: for the regiment will get rid of a very troublesome fellow, who is a scandal to the army; and if he escapes from the hands of justice, blame me, Madam, that’s all.’

‘ Ay! ay! good lack-a-day!’ said the landlady, ‘ who could have *thoſt* it? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your honour will see justice done; and to be sure it *oſt* to be to every one. Gentlemen *oſt* not to kill poor folks without answering for it. A poor man hath a soul to be saved as well as his betters.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ said the lieutenant, ‘ you do the volunteer wrong; I dare swear he is more of a gentleman than the officer.’

‘ Ay,’ cries the landlady, ‘ why look you there now: well, my first husband was a wise man; he use to say, you can’t always know the inside by the outside. Nay, that might have been well enough too: for I never *saw’d* him till he was all over blood. Who would have *thoſt* it! mayhap, some young gentleman crossed in love. Good lack-a-day! if he should die, what a concern it would be to his parents! Why, sure, the devil must possess the wicked wretch to do such an act. To be sure, he is a scandal to the army, as your honour says: for most of the gentlemen of the army that ever I saw, are quite different sort of people, and look as if they would scorn to spill any christian blood as much as any men; I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my first husband used to say. To be sure, when they come into the wars, there must be blood-shed; but that they are not to be
blamed

'blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better; and I wish with all my heart, they could kill every mother's son of them.'

'O fie! Madam!' said the lieutenant smiling, ALL is rather too bloody-minded a wish.'

'Not at all, Sir,' answered she, 'I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies, and there's no harm in that. To be sure it is natural for us to wish our enemies dead, that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes be lowered: for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why now there is above forty shillings for window-lights, and yet we have stopt up all we could; we have almost blinded the house I am sure: says I to the exciseman, says I, I think you *ost* to favour us, I am sure we are very good friends to the government; and so we are for *sartain*: for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myself, the government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us, than to those that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world.'

She was proceeding in this manner, when the surgeon entered the room. The Lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did? But he resolved him only by saying, 'Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time, if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps, it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner.' 'I hope, Sir,' said the Lieutenant, 'the skull is not fractured.' 'Hum,' cries the Surgeon, 'fractures are not always the most dangerous symptoms. Contusions and lacerations are often attended with worse phænomena, and with more fatal consequences than fractures. People who know nothing of the matter conclude, if the skull is not fractured, all is well; whereas, I had rather see a man's skull broke all to pieces, than some contusions I have met with.' 'I hope' says the Lieutenant, 'there are no such symptoms here.' 'Symptoms,' answered the Surgeon, 'are

are not always regular nor constant. I have known very unavourable symptoms in the morning change to favourable ones at noon, and return to unfavourable again at night. Of wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a patient, who had received a violent contusion in his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse sanguinary discharge; and the interior membranes were so divellicated, that the os or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some febrile symptoms intervening at the same time, (for the pulse was exuberant and indicated much phlebotomy) I apprehended an immediate mortification. To prevent which, I presently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to have found extremely sily and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuritic complaints; but, to my surprize, it appeared rosy and florid, and its consistency differed little from the blood of those in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly answered the intention; and after three or four times dressing, the wound began to discharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the cohesion—but perhaps I do not make myself perfectly well understood. ‘No really,’ answered the lieutenant, ‘I cannot say I understand a syllable.’ ‘Well, Sir,’ said the surgeon, ‘then I shall not tire your patience; in short, within six weeks, my patient was able to walk upon his legs, as perfectly as he could have done before he received the contusion.’ ‘I wish, Sir,’ said the lieutenant, ‘you would be so kind only to inform me, whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal?’ ‘Sir,’ answered the surgeon, ‘to say whether a wound will prove mortal or not at first dressing, would be very weak and foolish

‘ presumption : We are all mortal, and symptoms often occur in a cure which the greatest of our profession could never foresee.’—— ‘ But do you think him in danger ? ’ says the other. ‘ In danger ! ay, surely,’ cries the doctor, ‘ who is there among us, who in the most perfect health can be said not to be in danger ? Can a man, therefore, with so bad a wound as this be said to be out of danger ? All I can say, at present, is, that it is well. I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the morning, and in the mean time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water-gruel.’ ‘ Won’t you allow him sack-whey,’ said the landlady ? ‘ Ay, ay, sack-whey,’ cries the doctor, ‘ if you will, provided it be very small.’ ‘ And a little chicken-broth too,’ added she ?—— ‘ Yes, yes, chicken-broth,’ said the doctor, ‘ is very good.’ ‘ Mayn’t I make him some jellies too ? ’ said the landlady. ‘ Ay, ay,’ answered the doctor, ‘ jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion.’ And, indeed, it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied, rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The Doctor was no sooner gone, than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favourable an opinion of his physical abilities, as the good woman, and all the neighbourhood entertained ; (and perhaps very rightly) for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a surgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned discourse of the surgeon, that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict guard, intending in the morning to attend him to a justice of peace, and to commit the
conducting

conducting the troops to Gloucester to the French lieutenant, who, tho' he could neither read, write, nor speak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening our commander sent a message to Mr. Jones, that if a visit would not be troublesome he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his friend, that if he had not received express orders to the contrary from the surgeon, he should have got up long ago: for he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme forenens on that side of his head.

'I should be very glad,' quoth the lieutenant, 'that you was as well as you fancy yourself: for then you would be able to do yourself justice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in a case of a blow, the sooner you take him out the better; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you.'

'I'll try, however,' answered Jones, 'if you please, and will be so kind to lend me a sword: for I have none here of my own.'

'My sword is heartily at your service, my dear boy,' cries the lieutenant, kissing him, 'you are a brave lad, and I love your spirit; but I fear your strength: for such a blow, and so much loss of blood, must have very much weakened you; and tho' you feel no want of strength in your bed, yet you most probably would after a thrust or two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days march advance; and I give you my honour you shall have satisfaction, or the man who hath injured you shan't stay in our regiment.'

'I wish' said Jones, 'it was possible to decide this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me, I shall not be able to rest.'

'O never think of it,' returned the other, 'a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honour are not like these in your body. They suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be as together as well for you to receive satisfaction a week hence as now.'

'But suppose,' says Jones, 'I should grow worse, and die of the consequence of my present wound.'

'Then your honour,' answered the lieutenant, 'will require no reparation at all, I myself will do justice to your character, and testify to the world your intention to have acted properly if you had recovered.'

'Still,' replied Jones, 'I am concerned at the delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a soldier; but tho' I have been a very wild young fellow, still in my most serious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a christian.'

'So am I too, I assure you,' said the officer: 'And so zealous a one, that I was pleased with you at dinner for taking up the cause of your religion; and I am a little offended with you now, young gentleman, that you should express a fear of declaring your faith before any one.'

'But how terrible must it be,' cries Jones, 'to any one who is really a christian, to cherish malice in his breast, in opposition to the command of him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick-bed? Or how shall I make up my account, with such an article as this in my bosom against me?'

'Why I believe there is such a command,' cries the lieutenant; 'but a man of honour can't keep it. And you must be a man of honour, if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the case to

our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and he confessed there was much difficulty in it; but said, he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance; and to be sure it is our duty to hope so: for who would bear to live without his honour? No, no, my dear boy, be a good christian as long as you live; but be a man of honour too, and never put up an affront; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honour more. There must be some mistake in the wording the text, or in the translation, or in the understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risque, for he must preserve his honour. So compose yourself to-night, and I promise you, you shall have an opportunity of doing yourself justice.' Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But tho' the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

C H A P. XIV.

A most dreadful chapter indeed; and which few readers ought to venture upon in an evening, especially when alone.

JONES swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock-broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the serjeant, who was his first acquaintance

acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud, that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the serjeant was no sooner made sensible, than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the serjeant with his design, though he might have done it with great safety; for the halberdier was himself a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not these virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began therefore by acquainting the serjeant, that now he was entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely, a sword; adding, that he should be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. 'For which,' says he, 'I will give you any reasonable price. Nor do I insist upon its being silver-hilted, only a good blade, and such, as may become a soldier's thigh.'

The serjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humour in the sick man. 'Sir,' says he, 'I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed
silver-

‘silver hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a soldier; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe.—It is a blade that—a blade that—In short, I will fetch it you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. —I am glad to see your honour so well with all my heart.’

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the serjeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The serjeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said, ‘(nay he swore very heartily.) that the blade was taken from a French officer of very high rank, at the battle of Dettengen. I took it myself,’ says he, ‘from his side, after I had knocked him o’ the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are some of them, a’nt please your honour, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade.’

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The serjeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid, lest he should injure his family by asking too little.—However, after a moment’s hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

‘Twenty guineas!’ says Jones, in the utmost surprise, ‘sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavour to impose upon me. — Here, take the sword — No, now I think on’t, I will keep it myself, and shew it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it.’

The serjeant, as we have said, had always his wit (*in sensu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had ap-

prehended him to be ; he now therefore counterfeited as great surprize as the other had shewn, and said ‘ I am certain, Sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider, it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risque of my officer’s displeasure, by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don’t think twenty shillings was so much out of the way.

‘ Twenty shillings ! cries Jones, why you just now asked me twenty guineas.—‘ How !’ cries the serjeant——‘ Sure your honour must have mistaken me : or else I mistook myself—and indeed I am but half awake.—Twenty guineas indeed ! no wonder your honour flew into such a passion, I say twenty guineas too—No, no, I meant twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honour comes to consider every thing, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a price. It is indeed true, you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But——’

‘ Here Jones interrupted him, saying, ‘ I will be so far from making any words with you, that I will give you a shilling more than your demand,’ He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march ; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The serjeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandize, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery, from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man’s light headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the serjeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its colour was white, shewed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it ; and now, having grasped his new purchased sword in his hand, he was going to
issue

issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. 'Very well,' said he, 'and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honour. And who is this human being? A rascal who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by Heaven?—Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of heaven? Shall I incur the divine displeasure, rather than be called—ha! coward—scoundrel!—I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him.'

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the centinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opened his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe, a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the centinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier's cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with

worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found—an empty quart-pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was interely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but, upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the centinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name; but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the centinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer; he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors, who are hereafter to represent a man frightened out of his wits, had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures, for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed; whither
he

he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other person been on the same fair-case, save only one gentleman, who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the centinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half drest, all very earnestly enquiring of each other, what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just before left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead: but they presently saw their mistake; for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt, into nothing but ghosts and spectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter, he answered, 'I am a dead man, that's all, I am a dead man; I can't recover it, I have seen him.' 'What hast thou seen, Jack?' says one of the soldiers. 'Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday.' He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule.

cule; and a serjeant, who was present, answered very coolly: 'Young man, you will hear more of this for going to sleep, and dreaming on your post.'

The soldier replied, 'You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux.'

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were both now arrived: for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the centinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor centinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone; it was now certain, that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occasion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the serjeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the centinel to be taken prisoner.

prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune, (though not very uncommon in a military life) the guard became the guarded.

C H A P. XV.

The conclusion of the foregoing adventure.

BESIDES the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harboured another, and worse doubt against the poor centinel, and this was that of treachery: for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impose upon him; and that the fellow had, in reality, been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in several actions; having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had, perhaps, seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate, that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in, or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close winter quarters in the castle of Glocester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he, moreover free from some nat-
easy

easy meditation on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *quomodo*, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly strait in his person, which was extremely strong and well made. His face too was accounted handsome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened, by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed, that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down; for which she would give him an opportunity, by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular, which might possibly have some little share in this action.

action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company: for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had entrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that she had the money, and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect, from the compassionate temper of this good woman, that when she saw the poor centinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but so far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have had any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which rung at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own, and the

the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen (for neither durst he sit up, nor she lie in bed alone) the more they heard the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. 'Joo,' says the mistress, 'don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? why don't you go up?' 'It is not my business,' answered the drawer, 'to wait upon the chambers. It is Betty chambermaid's.' 'If you come to that,' answered the maid, 'it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do again, since you make your preambles about it.' The bell still ringing violently, their mistress fell into a passion, and swore, if the drawer did not go up immediately, she would turn him away that very morning. 'If you do, Madam,' says he, 'I can't help it. I won't do another servant's business.' She then applied herself to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain, Betty was as inflexible as Joo. Both insisted it was not their business, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and said, 'Come, I will put an end to this contention;' and then turning to the servants, commended them for their resolution in neither giving up the point; but added he was sure, if one would consent to go, the other would. To which proposal they both agreed, in an instant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and close together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeased the wrath of the landlady, by satisfying her why they were both so unwilling to go alone.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress, that the sick gentleman was so far from being

ing dead, that he spoke as heartily as if he was well ; and that he gave his service to the captain, and should be very glad of the favour of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bedside, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intention to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this, Jones related to him the whole truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, ' who, I am confident,' says he, ' is as innocent as the ensign's escape, as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavouring to impose on you.'

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered : ' Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other ; because he was not the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have ; and to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows ; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark ! the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don't discompose nor hurry yourself ; but remember the christian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honourable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you.' The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compose himself to rest.

B O O K VIII.

Containing above two days.

C H A P. I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longest of all our introductory chapters.

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the course of our history will oblige us to relate some matters of a more strange and surprizing kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiss in the prolegomious, or introductory chapter, to say something of that species of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we shall, as well for the sake of ourselves, as of others, endeavour to set some certain bounds; and indeed nothing can be more necessary, as critics * of different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while some are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the same thing which is possible may be yet probable †, others have so little historic or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either possible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own observation.

First then, I think it may very reasonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of possibility; and still remembers that what is not possible for man to perform, it is scarce possible for a man to believe he did perform. This conviction, perhaps, gave birth to many stories of the ancient heathen

* By this word here, and in most other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

† It is happy for M. Dacier that he was not an Irishman.

heathen deities (for the most of them are of poetical original.) The poet, being desirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges. or rather which they imagined to be infinite; and consequently they could not be shocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been strongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, because Ulysses told a set of foolish lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but because the poet himself wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I must confess, so compassionate is my temper, I wish Polypheme had confined himself to his milk diet, and preserved his eye; nor could Ulysses be much more concerned than myself, when his companions were turned into swine by Circe, who shewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's flesh to be supposed capable of converting it into bacon. I wish, likewise, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule prescribed by Horace, to introduce supernatural agents as seldom as possible. We should not then have seen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themselves so as not only to forfeit all title to respect, but to become the objects of scorn and derision. A conduct which must have shocked the credulity of a pious and sagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unless by agreeing with a supposition to which I have been sometimes almost inclined; that this most glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burlesque the superstitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have rested too long on a doctrine which can be of no use to a christian writer: for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly host which make a part of his creed; so is it horrid puerility to search the heathen theology for any of these deities who have been long since dethroned from their
immortality,

immortality. Lord Shaftesbury observes, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muse by a modern: he might have added that nothing can be more absurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as some have thought Homer did; or a mug of ale with the author of *Hudibras*; which latter may perhaps have inspired much more poetry as well as prose, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only supernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghosts; but of these I would advise an author to be extremely sparing. These are indeed like arsenic, and other dangerous drugs in physic, to be used with the utmost caution; nor would I advise the introduction of them at all in those works, or by those authors, to which or to whom a horse-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other such mummeries, I purposely omit the mention of them, as I should be very unwilling to confine within any bounds these surprising imaginations, for whose vast capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whose works are to be considered as a new creation; and who have consequently just right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the highest subject (unless on very extraordinary occasions indeed) which presents itself to the pen of our historian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we describe.

Nor is possibility alone sufficient to justify us; we must keep likewise within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Aristotle; or if not, it is the opinion of some wise man, whose authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'that it is no excuse for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really matter of fact,'

This

This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry; but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the historian: for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of so extraordinary a nature, as will require no small degree of historical faith to swallow them. Such as was the successful armament of Xerxes, described by Herodotus; or the successful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which instances, the more we reflect on them, appear still the more astonishing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the story; nay, indeed, as they constitute the essential parts of it, the historian is not only justifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, should he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of such consequence nor so necessary, which though ever so well attested, may nevertheless be sacrificed to oblivion in complaisance to the scepticism of a reader. Such is that memorable story of the ghost of George Villiers, which might with more propriety have been made a present of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghost of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his discourse upon death, than have been introduced into so solemn a work as the History of the Rebellion.

To say the truth, if the historian will confine himself to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumstance, which, though never so well attested, he must be well assured is false, he will sometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raise the wonder and surprize of his readers, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction therefore, that we generally offend against this rule, of deserting probability, which the historian seldom if ever quits, till he forsakes his character, and commences a writer
of

of romance. In this, however, those historians, who relate public transactions, have the advantage of us who confine ourselves to scenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety supported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent testimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of posterity; and no one doubts but that men so very good, and so very bad, were once the masters of mankind.

But we who deal in private characters, who search into the most retired recesses, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous situation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent testimony, no records to support and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us not only to keep within the limits of possibility, but of probability too; and this more especially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never so exorbitant, will more easily meet with assent; for ill-nature adds great support and strength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the history of a Fisher; who having long owed his bread to the generosity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a considerable bounty from his hands, yet in order to possess himself of what remained in his friend's scrutore, concealed himself in a public office of the temple, through which there was a passage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours solacing himself at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fisher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections arose to restrain his purpose; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fisher came suddenly from his lurking place, and walking softly behind his friend into his chamber,

ber,

ber, discharged a pistol ball into his head. This may be believed, when the bones of Fisher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the villain went two days afterwards with some young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little suspected how near she was to the person, cry out, ' Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby ' was now present ! ' manifesting in this a more sear'd and callous conscience than ever Nero himself; of whom we are told by Suetonius, ' that the consciousness of his guilt after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and so continued ; ' nor could all the congratulations of the soldiers, of the senate, and the people, allay the horrors of his ' conscience. '

But now, on the other hand, should I tell my reader, that I had known a man whose penetrating genius had enabled him to raise a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him : that he had done this with the most perfect preservation of his integrity, and not only without the least injustice or injury to any one individual person, but with the highest advantage to trade, and a vast increase of the public revenue : that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in discovering a taste superior to most, by works where the highest dignity was united with the purest simplicity, and another part in displaying a degree of goodness superior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whose only recommendations were their merits, or their wants : that he was most industrious in searching after merit in distress, and eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done : that his house, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hospitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinsically rich and noble ; without tinsel, or external ostentation : that he filled
every

every relation in life with the most adequate virtue : that he was most piously religious to his Creator, most zealously loyal to his sovereign ; a most tender husband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and cheerful companion, indulgent to his servants, hospitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to these the epithets of wise, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might surely say,

— Quis credit ? nemo Hercule ! nemo ;
Vel duo, vel nemo.

And yet I know a man who is all I have here described. But a single instance (and I really know not such another) is not sufficient to justify us, while we are writing to thousands who never heard of the person, nor of any thing like him. Such *Raræ Aves* should be remitted to the epitaph-writer, or to some poet, who may condescend to hitch him in a distich, or to slide him into a rhyme with an air of carelessness and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the last place, the actions should be such as may not only be within the compass of human agency, and which human agents may probably be supposed to do ; but they should be likely for the very actors and characters themselves to have performed : for what may be only wonderful and surprizing in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impossible, when related of another.

This last requisite is what the dramatic critics call *Conservation of Character* ; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a most exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a most excellent writer, That zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct

best opposition to itself, than a rapid stream can carry a boat against its own current. I will venture to say, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impossible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the best parts of the story of M. Antoninus be ascribed to Nero, or should the worst incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more shocking to belief than either instance? whereas both these being related of their proper agent, constitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almost universally into the error here hinted at: their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the first four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter, women of virtue and discretion: nor is the writer often so kind as to give himself the least trouble to reconcile or account for this monstrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reason to be assigned for it, than because the play is drawing to a conclusion; as if it was no less natural in a rogue to repent in the last act of a play, than in the last of his life; which we perceive to be generally the case at Tyburn, a place which might, indeed, close the scene of some comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in these are most commonly eminent for those very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within these few restrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleases; nay, the more he can surprize the reader, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the highest rank observes in his 5th chapter of the *Bathos*, 'The

- ‘ great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction ;
- ‘ in order to join the credible with the surprizing.’

For though every good author will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his character, or his incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar ; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a news-paper. Nor must he be inhibited from shewing many persons, and things, which may possibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer strictly observes the rules above-mentioned, he hath discharged his part ; and is then intitled to some faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity, if he disbelieves him. For want of a portion of such faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large assembly of clerks and apprentices ; tho’ it had had the previous suffrages of many ladies of the first rank ; one of whom, very eminent for her understanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

In which the landlady pays a visit to Mr. Jones.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to close his eyes, but all in vain ; his spirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to sleep. So having amused, or rather tormented himself with the thoughts of his Sophia, till it was open day-light, he called for some tea ; upon which occasion my landlady herself vouchsafed to pay him a visit.

This was indeed the first time she had seen him,
or

or at least had taken any notice of him; but as the lieutenant had assured her that he was certainly some young gentleman of fashion, she now determined to shew him all the respect in her power: for, to speak truly, this was one of those houses, where gentlemen, to use the language of advertisements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no sooner begun to make his tea, than she likewise began to discourse. 'La! Sir,' said she, 'I think it is great pity that such a pretty young gentleman should undervalue himself so, as to go about with these soldier fellows. They call themselves gentlemen, I warrant you; but as my first husband used to say, they should remember it is we that pay them. And to be sure it is very hard upon us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep 'em too, as we publicans are; I had twenty of 'um last night besides officers; nay, for matter o' that, I had rather have the soldiers than the officers: for nothing is ever good enough for those sparks; and I am sure, if you was to see the bills; la! Sir, it is nothing. I have had less trouble, I warrant you, with a good Squire's family, where we take forty or fifty shillings of a night, besides horses. And yet I warrants me, there is *narrow* a one of all those officer fellows, but looks upon himself to be as good as *arrow* a Squire of 500*l.* a year. To be sure it doth me good to hear their men run about after 'um, crying your honour, and your honour. Marry come up with such honour, and an ordinary at a shilling a head! Then there's such swearing among 'um, to be sure, it frightens me out o' my wits. I thinks nothing can ever prosper with such wicked people. And here one of 'um has used you in so barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how well the rest would secure him; they all hang together; for if you had been in danger of death, which I am glad to see you are not, it would have been all as one to such wicked people. They would have let

' the murderer go. Laud have mercy upon 'um! I
 ' would not have such a sin to answer for, for the
 ' whole world. But though you are likely, with the
 ' blessing to recover, there is laa for him yet; and if
 ' you will employ lawyer Small, I darest be sworn
 ' he'll make the fellow fly the country for him: tho'
 ' perhaps he'll have fled the country before; for it
 ' is here to-day and gone to-morrow with such chaps.
 ' I hope, however, you will learn more wit for the
 ' future, and return back to your friends: I warrant
 ' they are all miserable for your loss; and if they was
 ' but to know what had happened. La, my seem-
 ' ing! I would not for the world they should. Come,
 ' come, we know very well what all the matter is;
 ' but if one won't another will; so pretty a gentle-
 ' man need never want a lady. I am sure, if I was
 ' as you, I would see the finest she that ever wore a
 ' head hanged, before I would go for a soldier for
 ' her.—Nay, don't blush so (for indeed he did to a
 ' violent degree;) why, you thought, Sir, I knew no-
 ' thing of the matter, I warrant you, about Madam
 ' Sophia.' 'How,' says Jones, starting up, 'do you
 ' know my Sophia?' 'Do I! ay marry,' cries the
 ' landlady, 'many's the time hath she lain in this
 ' house.' 'With her aunt, I suppose,' says Jones.—
 'Why there it is now,' cries the landlady. 'Ay,
 ' ay, ay, I know the old lady very well. And a
 ' sweet young creature is Madam Sophia, that's the
 ' truth on't.' 'A sweet creature!' cries Jones, 'O
 ' Heavens!'

Angels are painted fair to look like her.
 There's in her all that we believe of heaven,
 Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

' And could I ever have imagined that you had
 ' known my Sophia!' 'I wish,' says the landlady,
 ' you knew half so much of her. What would
 ' you

‘ you have given to have sat by her bed-side? What
 ‘ a delicious neck she hath! her lovely limbs have
 ‘ stretched themselves in that very bed you now lie
 ‘ in.’ ‘ Here!’ cries Jones, ‘ hath Sophia ever lain
 ‘ here?’—‘ Ay, ay, here; there; in that very bed,’
 says the landlady, ‘ where I wish you had her this
 ‘ moment; and she may wish so too, for any thing I
 ‘ know to the contrary: for she hath mentioned your
 ‘ name to me’—‘ Ha,’ cries he, ‘ did she ever men-
 ‘ tion her poor Jones?—You flatter me now; I can
 ‘ never believe so much.’ ‘ Why then,’ answered
 she, ‘ as I hope to be saved, and may the devil fetch
 ‘ me, if I speak a syllable more than the truth. I
 ‘ have heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil
 ‘ and modest way, I confess; yet I could perceive
 ‘ she thought a great deal more than she said.’ ‘ O
 ‘ my dear woman,’ cries Jones, ‘ her thoughts of
 ‘ me I shall never be worthy of. O she is all gen-
 ‘ tleness, kindness, goodness. Why was such a ras-
 ‘ cal as I born, ever to give her soft bosom a mo-
 ‘ ment’s uneasiness? Why am I cursed? I who would
 ‘ undergo all the plagues and miseries which any
 ‘ dæmon ever invented for mankind, to procure her
 ‘ any good; nay, torture itself could not be misery
 ‘ to me, did I but know that she was happy.’
 ‘ Why look you there now,’ says the landlady, ‘ I
 ‘ told her you was a constant lover.’ ‘ But pray,
 ‘ Madam, tell me when or where you knew any
 ‘ thing of me; for I never was here before, nor do I
 ‘ remember ever to have seen you.’ ‘ Nor is it pos-
 ‘ sible you should,’ answered she, ‘ for you was a
 ‘ little thing when I had you in my lap at the Squire’s.’
 —‘ How! the Squire’s,’ says Jones, ‘ what do you
 ‘ know the great and good Mr. Allworthy then?’
 ‘ Yes, marry do I,’ says she; ‘ Who in this country
 ‘ doth not?’—‘ The fame of his goodness indeed,’
 answered Jones, ‘ must have extended farther than
 ‘ this; but heaven only can know him, can know that
 ‘ benevolence which is copied from itself, and sent
 D 3 ‘ upon

‘ upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are as ignorant of such divine goodness, as they are unworthy of it; but none so unworthy of it as myself. I who was raised by him to such a height; taken in, as you must well know, a poor base-born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own son, to dare by my own follies to disoblige them, to draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deserve it all: for I will never be so ungrateful as ever to think he hath done an act of injustice me. No, I deserve to be turned out of doors, as I am. And now, Madam,’ says he, ‘ I believe you will not blame me for turning soldier, especially with such a fortune as this in my pocket ’ At which words he shook a purse, which had but very little in it, and which still appeared to the landlady to have less.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phrase) struck all of a heap by this relation. She answered coldly, ‘ That to be sure people were the best judges what was most proper for their circumstances.—— But hark,’ says she, ‘ I think I hear somebody call. Coming! coming! the devil’s in all our folk, nobody hath any ears. I must go down stairs; if you want any more breakfast, the maid will come up. Coming!’ At which words, without taking any leave, she flung out of the room: for the lower sort of people are very tenacious of respect; and tho’ they are contented to give this gratis to persons of quality, yet they never confer it on those of their own order without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

C H A P. III.

In which the surgeon makes his second appearance.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be mistaken in imagining the landlady knew more than she did, nor surprized that she knew
so

so much, it may be necessary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occasion of the quarrel; and as for the rest of her knowledge, the sagacious reader will observe how she came by it in the preceding scene. Great curiosity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and she never willingly suffered any one to depart from her house without enquiring as much as possible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no sooner gone than Jones, instead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the same bed, which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occasioned a thousand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not consider that such kind of lovers will make a very inconsiderable part of our readers.

In this situation the surgeon found him, when he came to dress his wound. The doctor, perceiving upon examination, that his pulse was disordered, and hearing that he had not slept, declared he was in great danger: for he apprehended a fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not submit, declaring he would lose no more blood; and 'doctor,' says he, 'if you will be so kind only to dress my head, I have no doubt of being well in a day or two.'

'I wish,' answered the surgeon, 'I could assure your being well in a month or two. Well, indeed? No, no, people are not so soon well of such contusions; but, Sir, I am not at this time of day to be instructed in my operations by a patient, and I insist on making a revulsion before I dress you.'

Jones persisted obstinately in his refusal, and the doctor at last yielded; telling him at the same time, that he would not be answerable for the ill consequence, and hoped he would do him the justice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promised he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addressing

dressing himself to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

‘It is an eating fever then,’ says the landlady: ‘for he hath devoured two swinging buttered toasts this morning for breakfast.’

‘Very likely,’ says the doctor; ‘I have known people to eat in a fever; and it is very easily accounted for; because the acidity occasioned by the febrile matter, may stimulate the nerves of the diaphragm, and thereby occasion a craving, which will not be easily distinguishable from a natural appetite; but the aliment will not be concremented, nor assimilated into chyle, and so will corrode the vascular orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrile symptoms. Indeed I think the gentleman in a very dangerous way, and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid will die.’

‘Every man must die some time or other,’ answered the good woman; ‘it is no business of mine. I hope, doctor, you would not have me hold him while you bleed him.—But, harkee, a word in your ear; I would advise you before you proceed too far, to take care who is to be your paymaster.’

‘Paymaster!’ said the doctor, staring, ‘why, I’ve a gentleman under my hands, have I not?’

‘I imagined so as well as you,’ said the landlady; ‘but as my first husband used to say, every thing is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant scrub, I assure you. However, take no notice that I mentioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think people in business *oft* always to let one another know such things.’

‘And have I suffered such a fellow as this,’ cries the doctor, in a passion, ‘to instruct me? Shall I hear my practise insulted by one who will not pay me? I am glad I have made this discovery in time. I will see now whether he will be blooded or no.’ He then immediately went up stairs, and flinging open
the

the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very sound nap, into which he was fallen, and what was still worse, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

'Will you be blooded or no?' cries the doctor, in a rage. 'I have told you my resolution already,' answered Jones, 'and I wish with all my heart you had taken my answer: for you have waked me out of the sweetest sleep which I ever had in my life.'

'Ay, ay,' cries the doctor, 'many a man hath dosed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no more than food; but remember I demand of you for the last time, will you be blooded?' 'I answer you for the last time,' said Jones. 'I will not.' 'Then I wash my hands of you,' cries the doctor; and I desire you to pay me for the trouble I have had already. Two journeys at 5s. each, two dressings, at 5s. more, and half a crown for phlebotomy.' 'I hope,' said Jones, 'you don't intend to leave me in this condition.' 'Indeed but I shall,' said the other. 'Then,' said Jones, 'you have used me rascally, and I will not pay you a farthing.' 'Very well,' cries the doctor, 'the first loss is the best. What a pox did my landlady mean by sending for me to such vagabonds?' At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himself about, soon recovered his sleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleasantest barbers that was ever recorded in history, the barber of Bagdad, nor he in Don Quixote not excepted.

THE clock had now struck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of seven hours, so much refreshed, and in such perfect health and spirits, that

he resolved to get up and dress himself; for which purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean linen, and a suit of cloaths; but first he slept on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to bespeak something that might pacify certain tumults he found rising within his stomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accosted her with great civility, and asked 'what he could have for dinner?' 'For dinner!' says she, 'it is an odd time a day to think about dinner. There is nothing dressed in the house, and the fire is almost out.' 'Well but,' says he, 'I must have something to eat, and it is almost indifferent to me what: for to tell you the truth, I was never more hungry in my life.' 'Then,' says she, 'I believe there is a piece of cold buttock and carrot, which will fit you.'—'Nothing better,' answered Jones, but I should be obliged to you, if you would let it be fried.' To which the landlady consented, and said smiling, she was glad to see him so well recovered: for the sweetness of our hero's temper was almost irresistible; besides, she was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom; but she loved money so much, that she hated every thing which had the semblance of poverty.

Jones now returned in order to dress himself, while his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into small inconveniencies, such as flaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not understand a jest; and those who do, are often displeased with being themselves the subjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often smarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the least respect of persons, time, or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character,

character, which I shall not mention, as the reader will himself very easily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary person.

Jones being impatient to be dressed, for a reason which may be easily imagined, thought the shaver was very tedious in preparing his suds, and begged him to make haste; to which the other answered with much gravity; for he never discomposed his muscles on any account: '*Festina lente* is a proverb which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor.' 'I find, friend, you are a scholar,' replied Jones. 'A poor one,' said the barber, '*non omnia possumus omnes*,' 'Again,' said Jones; 'I fancy you are good at capping verses.' 'Excuse me, Sir,' said the barber, '*non tanti me dignor honore*;' And then proceeding to his operation, 'Sir,' said he, 'since I have dealt in suds, I could never discover more than two reasons for shaving, the one is to get a beard. and the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, Sir, it may not be long since you shaved from the former of these motives. Upon my word you had good success; for one may say of your beard, that it is *tendenti gravior*.' 'I conjecture,' says Jones, 'that thou art a very comical fellow.' 'You mistake me widely, Sir,' said the barber, 'I am too much addicted to the study of philosophy; *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, Sir, that's my misfortune, too much learning hath been my ruin.' 'Indeed,' says Jones, 'I confess, friend, you have more learning than generally belongs to your trade; but I can't see how it can have injured you.' 'Alas! Sir,' answered the shaver, 'my father disinherited me for it. He was a dancing-master, and because I could read before I could dance, he took an aversion to me, and left every farthing among his other children. —Will you please to have your temples—Oh la! I ask your pardon, I fancy there is *hiatus in manuscriptis*. I heard you was going to the wars; but I find it was a mistake.' 'Why do you con-

‘elude so?’ says Jones. ‘Sure, Sir, answered the barber, ‘you are too wise a man to carry a broken head thither; for that would be carrying coals to Newcastle.’

‘Upon my word,’ cries Jones, ‘thou art a very odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I shall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after dinner, and drink a glass with me: I long to be better acquainted with thee.’

‘O dear Sir,’ said the barber, ‘I can do you twenty times as great a favour, if you will accept of it.’ ‘What is that my friend?’ cries Jones. ‘Why, I will drink a bottle with you, if you please; for I dearly love good nature; and as you have found me out to be a comical fellow, so I have no skill in physiognomy, if you are not one of the best natured gentlemen in the universe.’ Jones now walked down stairs neatly dressed, and perhaps the famed Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did not resemble Venus at all in her person, so neither did she in her taste. Happy had it been for Nanny the chambermaid, if she had seen with the eyes of her mistress: for that poor girl fell so violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her passion afterwards cost her many a sigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for she had refused a drawer and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occasion it should, his dinner remaining in *statu quo*, as did the fire that was to dress it. This disappointment might have put many a philosophical temper into a passion; but it had no such effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, saying, ‘Since it was so difficult to get it heated, he would eat the beef cold.’ But now the good woman, whether moved
by

by compassion, or by shame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, first gave her servants a round scold for disobeying the orders which she had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, she set about the matter in good earnest, and soon accomplished it.

This Sun into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named as *lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the sun had scarce ever looked. It was indeed the worst room in the house; and happy was it for Jones that it was so. However he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once satisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expressed some resentment at having been shewn into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after some time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have suffered him to wait so long for his company, had he not been listening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that she had gathered round her with the history of poor Jones; part of which she had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious composition; 'for she said he was a poor parish boy, taken into the house of Squire Allworthy, where he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned out of doors for his misdeeds, particularly for making love to his young mistress, and probably for robbing the house; for how else should he come by the little money he hath. And this,' says she, 'is your gentleman forsooth.'—'A servant to Squire Allworthy!' says the barber, 'what's his name?'—'Why he told me his name was Jones,' says she, 'perhaps he goes by awrong name. Nay, and he told me too that the Squire had mentioned him as his own son, *thof* he had quarrelled with him now.'—'And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth,' said the barber; 'for I have relations who live in that country'

‘country, nay, and some people say he is his son.’—
 ‘Why doth he not go by the name of his father?’—
 ‘I can’t tell that,’ said the barber, ‘many people’s
 ‘sons don’t go by the name of their father.’—‘Nay,’
 said the landlady, ‘if I thought he was a gentleman’s
 ‘son, *thof* he was a bye blow, I should behave to
 ‘him in another guess manner; for many of these
 ‘bye blows come to be great men; and, as my poor
 ‘first husband used to say, Never affront any customer
 ‘that’s a gentleman.’

C H A P. V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.

THIS conversation passed partly while Jones was
 at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he
 was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as
 soon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have said,
 attended him, and was very kindly desired to sit
 down. Jones then filling out a glass of wine, drank
 his health by the appellation of *Doctissime Tonforum*.
Ago tibi gratias, domine, said the barber; and then
 looking very stedfastly at Jones, he said, with great
 gravity, and with a seeming surprize, as if he had
 recollected a face he had seen before, ‘Sir, may I
 ‘crave the favour to know if your name is not Jones?’
 To which the other answered, that it was. ‘*Proh*
 ‘*Deum atque hominum fidem*,’ says the barber, how
 ‘strangely things come to pass! Mr. Jones, I am
 ‘your most obedient servant. I find you do not
 ‘know me, which indeed is no wonder, since you
 ‘never saw me but once, and then you was very
 ‘young. Pray, Sir, how doth the good Squire All-
 ‘worthy? how doth *Ille optimus omnium patronus*!’—
 ‘I find,’ said Jones, ‘you do indeed know me;
 ‘but I have not the like happiness of recollecting
 ‘you.’—‘I do not wonder at that, cries Benjamin;
 ‘but

but I am surprized I did not know you sooner,
 for you are not in the least altered. And pray, Sir,
 may I without offence require whither you are
 travelling this way?—‘Fill the glass, Mr. Barber,’
 said Jones, ‘and ask no more questions.’—‘Nay,
 Sir,’ answered Benjamin, ‘I would not be trouble-
 some; and I hope you don’t think me a man of an
 impertinent curiosity, for that is a vice which no-
 body can lay to my charge; but I ask pardon, for
 when a gentleman of your figure travels without
 his servants, we may suppose him to be, as we say,
 in *casu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have
 mentioned your name.’—‘I own,’ says Jones, ‘I
 did not expect to have been so well known in this
 country as I find I am; yet, for particular reasons,
 I shall be obliged to you if you will not mention
 my name to any other person, till I am gone from
 hence.’—‘*Pauca verba*,’ answered the barber; ‘and
 I wish no other here knew you but myself; for
 some people have tongues; but I promise you I
 can keep a secret. My enemies will allow me that
 virtue.’—‘And yet that is not the characteristic of
 your profession, Mr. Barber,’ answered Jones.
 ‘Alas, Sir,’ replied Benjamin, ‘*Non si male nunc est
 olim sic erat*. I was not born nor bred a barber, I
 assure you. I have spent most part of my time
 among gentlemen, and though I say it, I understand
 something of gentility. And if you had thought
 me as worthy of your confidence as you have some
 other people, I should have shewn you I could
 have kept a secret better. I should not have degrad-
 ed your name in a publick kitchen; for indeed,
 Sir, some people have not used you well; for besides
 making a publick proclamation of what you told
 them of a quarrel between yourself and Squire All-
 worthy, they added lies of their own, things which
 I knew to be lies.’—‘You surprize me greatly,’
 cries Jones. ‘Upon my word, Sir,’ answered Ben-
 jamin, ‘I tell the truth, and I need not tell you my
 landlady

‘landlady was the person. I am sure it moved me to hear the story, and I hope it is all false; for I have a great respect for you, I do assure you I have, and have had, ever since the good-nature you shewed to Black George, which was talked of all over the country, and I received more than one letter about it. Indeed it made you beloved by every body. You will pardon me, therefore; for it was real concern at what I heard made me ask any questions; for I have no impertinent curiosity about me; but I love good-nature, and thence became *amoris abundantia erga te.*’

Every profession of friendship easily gains credit with the miserable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who besides his being miserable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the professions of Benjamin, and received him into his bosom. The scraps of Latin, some of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not favour of profound literature, seemed yet to indicate something superior to a common barber, and so indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had said, as to his original and education, and at length, after much entreaty he said, ‘Since you have heard, my friend, so much of my affairs, and seem so desirous to know the truth, if you will have patience to hear it, I will inform you of the whole.’ ‘Patience,’ cries Benjamin, that I will, if the chapter was never so long, and I am very much obliged to you for the honour you do me.’

Jones now began, and related the whole history, forgetting only a circumstance or two, namely, every thing which passed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum, and ended with his resolution to go to sea, till the rebellion in the north had made him change his purpose, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help observing, that there must be surely something more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy against him, or so good a man would never have dismissed one he had loved so tenderly in such a manner. To which Jones answered, 'He doubted not but such villainous arts had been made use of to destroy him.'

And surely it was scarce possible for any one to have avoided making the same remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones, one single circumstance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in those injurious lights, in which they had been misrepresented to Allworthy: nor could he mention those many false accusations which had been from time to time preferred against him to Allworthy; for with none of these he was himself acquainted. He had likewise, as we have observed, omitted many material facts in his present relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in such favourable colours to Jones, that malice itself would have found it no easy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones desired to conceal or to disguise the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have suffered any censure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for punishing him, than on his own actions for deserving it; but, in reality, so it happened, and so it always will happen: for let a man be never so honest, the account of his own conduct will, in spite of himself, be so very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well strained, will leave all their foulness behind. For though the facts themselves may appear, yet so different will be the motives, circumstances and consequences, when a man tells his own story, and when his enemy tells it, that we scarce can recognize the facts to be one and the same.

Though

Though the barber had drawn down this story with greedy ears, he was not yet satisfied. There was a circumstance behind, which his curiosity, cold as it was, most eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiously concealed the name of the young lady. The barber, therefore, after some hesitation, and many hums and ha's, at last begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cause of all this mischief. Jones paused a moment, and then said, ' Since I have trusted you with so much, and since, I am afraid, her name is become too public already on this occasion, I will not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia Western.'

' *Proh Deum atque hominum fidem!* Squire Western hath a daughter grown a woman!' Ay, and such a woman,' cries Jones, that the world cannot match. ' No eye ever saw any thing so beautiful; but that is her least excellence. Such sense, such goodness! Oh I could praise her for ever, and yet should omit half her virtues.' ' Mr. Western a daughter grown up!' cries the barber, ' I remember the father a boy; well, *tempus edax rerum.*'

The wine being now at an end, the barber pressed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones absolutely refused, saying, ' He had already drank more than he ought; and that he now chose to retire to his room, where he wished he could procure himself a book.' ' A book!' cries Benjamin, ' what book would you have? Latin or English? I have some curious books in both languages, such as *Erasmi Colloquia*, *Ovid de Tristibus*, *Gradus ad Parnassum*; and in English I have several of the best books, though some of them are a little torn; but I have a great part of Stowe's Chronicle; the sixth volume of Pope's Homer; the third volume of the Spectator, the second volume of Echard's Roman history; the Craftsman; Robinson Crusoe;

' Thomas

‘ Thomas à Kempis; and two volumes of Tom Brown’s works.’

‘ Those last,’ cries Jones, ‘ are books I never saw, so if you please to lend me one of those volumes.’ The barber assured him he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the author to have been one of the greatest wits that ever the nation produced. He then stepp’d to his house, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the barber having received very strict injunctions of secrecy from Jones, and having sworn inviolably to maintain they separated; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

C H A P. VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary person was.

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneasy at the desertion of his surgeon, as he apprehended some inconvenience or even danger, might attend the not dressing his wound; he enquired therefore of the drawer what other surgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood. The drawer told him there was one not far off; but he had known him often refuse to be concerned after another had been sent for before him; ‘ But, Sir,’ says he, ‘ if you will take my advice, there is not a man in the kingdom can do your business better than the barber who was with you last night. We look upon him to be one of the ablest men at a cut in all this neighbourhood. For though he hath not been here above three months, he hath done several great cures.’

The drawer was presently dispatched for little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himself accordingly, and attended; but with so different an air and aspect from
that

that which he wore when his bason was under his arm, that he could scarce be known to be the same person.

‘ So, Tonfor,’ says Jones, ‘ I find you have more trades than one ; how came you not to inform me of this last night ?’ ‘ A surgeon,’ answered Benjamin, with great gravity, ‘ is a profession, not a trade.’ ‘ The reason why I did not acquaint you last night that I professed this art, was that I then concluded you was under the hands of another gentleman, and I never love to interfere with my brethren in their business. *Ars omnibus communis* : But now, Sir, if you please, I will inspect your head, and when I see into your skull, I will give my opinion of your case.’

Jones had no great faith in his new professor ; however he suffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound, which as soon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and shake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peevish manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. ‘ Shall I answer you as a surgeon, or a friend ?’ said Benjamin. ‘ As a friend, and seriously,’ said Jones, ‘ Why then, upon my soul, cries Benjamin, ‘ it would require a great deal of art to keep you from being well after a very few dressings ; and if you will suffer me to apply some salve of mine, I will answer for the success.’ Jones gave his consent, and the plaister was applied accordingly.

‘ There, Sir,’ cries Benjamin, ‘ now I will, if you please, resume my former self ; but a man is obliged to keep up some dignity in his countenance while he is performing these operations, or the world will not submit to be handled by him. You can’t imagine, Sir, of how much consequence a grave aspect is to a grave character. A barber may make you laugh, but a surgeon ought rather to make you cry.’

‘ Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-Surgeon

'geon,' said Jones. 'O dear Sir, answered Benjamin, interrupting him, '*Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem*. You recall to my mind that cruel separation of the united fraternities, so much to the prejudice of both bodies, as all separations must be, according to the old adage, *Vis unita fortior*; which to be sure there are not wanting some of one or of the other fraternity who are able to construe. What a blow was this to me who unite both in my own person! 'Well, by whatever name you please to be called,' continued Jones, 'you are certainly one of the oddest, most comical fellows I ever met with, and must have something very surprising in your story, which you must confess I have a right to hear.' 'I do confess it,' answered Benjamin, 'and will very readily acquaint you with it, when you have sufficient leisure, for I promise you it will require a good deal of time.' Jones told him, he never could be more at leisure than at present. 'Well then,' said Benjamin, 'I will obey you; but first I will fasten the door, that none may interrupt us.' He did so, and then advancing with a solemn air to Jones, said; 'I must begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourself have been the greatest enemy I ever had. Jones was a little startled at this sudden declaration. 'I your enemy, Sir!' says he with much amazement, and some sternness in his look. 'Nay, be not angry,' said Benjamin, 'for I promise you I am not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any wrong; for you was then an infant; but I shall, I believe, unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. Did you never hear, Sir, of one Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed your father, and the misfortune of being ruined with that honour?' 'I have indeed heard of that Partridge,' says Jones, 'and I have always believed myself to be his son.' 'Well Sir,' answered Benjamin, 'I am that Partridge; but I here absolve you from all
 'filial

‘ filial duty; for I do assure you, you are no son of mine.’ ‘How!’ replied Jones, ‘and is it possible that a false suspicion should have drawn all the ill consequences upon you, with which I am too well acquainted?’ ‘It is possible,’ cries Benjamin; ‘for it is so; but though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different temper. I have loved you ever since I heard of your behaviour to Black George, as I told you; and I am convinced from this extraordinary meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all that I have suffered on that account. Besides, I dreamt, the night before I saw you, that I stumbled over a stool without hurting myself; which plainly shewed me something good was towards me; and last night I dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-white mare, which is very excellent dream, and betokens much good fortune, which I am resolved to pursue, unless you have the cruelty to deny me.’

‘I should be very glad, Mr. Partridge,’ answered Jones, ‘to have put it in my power to make you amends for your sufferings on my account; though at present I see no likelihood of it; however, I assure you I will deny you nothing which is in my power to grant.’

‘It is in your power sure enough,’ replied Benjamin, ‘for I desire nothing more than leave to attend you in this expedition. Nay, I have so entirely set my heart upon it, that if you should refuse me, you will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath.’

Jones answered smiling, That he should be very sorry to be the occasion of so much mischief to the publick. He then advanced many prudential reasons, in order to dissuade Benjamin (whom we shall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpose; but all were in vain. Partridge relied strongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. ‘Besides, Sir,’ says he, ‘I
‘ promise

' promise you I have as good an inclination to the
' cause as any man can possibly have; and go I
' will, whether you admit me to go in your com-
' pany or not.'

Jones, who was as much pleased with Partridge, as Partridge could be with him, and who had not consulted his own inclination, but the good of the other in desiring him to stay behind, when he found his friend so resolute, at last gave his consent; but then recollecting himself, he said, ' Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, you think I shall be able to support you, but I really am not; ' and then taking out his purse, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge answered, ' That his dependance was only on his future favour: for he was thoroughly convinced he would shortly have enough in his power. At present, Sir,' said he, ' I believe I am rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is at your service, and at your disposal. I insist upon your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your servant, *Nil desperandum est Teucro duce & auspice Teucro*; ' but to this generous proposal concerning the money, Jones would by no means submit.

It was resolved to set out the next morning; when a difficulty arose concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horse.

' If I may presume to give my advice,' says Partridge, ' this portmanteau, with every thing in it, except a few shirts, should be left behind. Those I shall be easily able to carry for you, and the rest of your clothes will remain very safely locked up in my house.'

This method was no sooner proposed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAP. VII.

Containing better reasons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakness of Jones; and some farther anecdotes concerning my landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the most superstitious of men, he would hardly, perhaps, have desired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the joint-stool, and white mare, if his prospect had been no better than to have shared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himself, that Mr. Allworthy should turn his son (for so he most firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reason which he had heard assigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correspondents heard the wildest character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father, he should by that means render a service to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had sacrificed him to his own reputation. And this suspicion, indeed, he well accounted for, from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the foundling child; from his great severity to Partridge, who knowing himself to be innocent, could not conceive that any other should think him guilty; lastly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him; and which he looked upon as a kind of smart-money, or rather by way of atone-
me

ment for injustice : for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to ascribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can possibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means therefore, persuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he should again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains ; nay, and should be again restored to his native country ; a restoration which Ulysses himself never wished more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones, he was well satisfied with the truth of what the other had asserted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cause. A blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of censure. To say the truth, there are but two ways by which men become possessed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature ; which last, I presume, is often meant by genius, or great natural parts ; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are master of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and conclusive : for a man who hath been imposed on by ever so many, may still hope to find others more honest ; whereas he who receives certain necessary admonitions from within, that this is impossible, must have very little understanding indeed, if he ever renders himself liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience ; for at the diffident wisdom, which is to be acquired this way, we seldom arrive till very late in life ; which is perhaps the reason why some old men are too apt to despise the understandings of all those who are a little younger than themselves.

Jones spent most part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the house, or rather the husband of the landlady.

landlady. He had but lately made his descent down stairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which distemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the rest, he walked about the house, smoked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends without concerning himself in the least with any kind of business. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing, and had spent a very small fortune, which he inherited from an industrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horse-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purposes, which he had long since desisted from answering: for which she hated him heartily. But as he was a surly kind of a fellow, so she contented herself with frequently upbraiding him by disadvantageous comparisons with her first husband, whose praise she had eternally in her mouth; and as she was for the most part mistress of the profit, so she was satisfied to take upon herself the care and government of the family, and after a long, successful struggle, to suffer her husband to be master of himself.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a small dispute arose between this fond couple concerning him. "What," says the wife, "you have been tippling with the gentleman! I see." "Yes," answered the husband, "we have cracked a bottle together, and a very gentleman-like man he is, and hath a very pretty notion of horse-flesh. Indeed he is young, and hath not seen much of the world: for I believe he hath been at very few horse-races." "O ho! he is one of your order, is he?" replies the landlady; "he must be a gentleman to be sure, if he is a horse-racer. The devil fetch such gentry; I am sure I wish I had never seen any of them. I have reason to love horse-racers truly." "That you have," says the husband; "for I was one, you know." "Yes," answered she, "you are a pure one indeed. As my first husband used to say, I may
put

I put all the good I have ever got by you in my eyes, and set never the worse.' 'D—n your first husband,' cries he.—'Don't d—n a better man yourself,' answered the wife; 'if he had been alive, you durst not have done it.' 'Then you think,' says he, 'I have not so much courage as yourself: for you have d—n'd him often in my hearing.' 'If I did,' says she, 'I have repented of it many's the good time and oft, and if he was so good to forgive me a word spoken in haste, or so, it doth not become such a one as you to *twitter* me. He was a husband to me, he was; and if ever I did make use of an ill word or so in a passion, I never called him rascal; I should have told a lie, if I had called him a rascal.' Much more she said, but not in his hearing: for having lighted his pipe, he staggered off as fast as he could. We shall therefore transcribe no more of her speech, as it approached still nearer and nearer to a subject too indelicate to find any place in this history.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bedside of Jones, ready equipped for the journey; with the knapsack at his back. This was his own workmanship; for besides his other trades, he was no indifferent taylor. He had already put up his whole stock of linen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own house, but was stopt in his way by the landlady, who refused to suffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have said, absolute governess in these regions; it was therefore necessary to comply with her rules; so the bill was presently writ out, which amounted to a much larger sum than might have been expected, from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to disclose some maxims, which publicans hold to be the grand mysteries of their trade. The first is, if

they have any thing good in their house (which indeed very seldom happens) to produce it only to persons who travel with great equipages. 2dly, To charge the same for the very worst provisions, as if they were the best. And, lastly, if any of their guests call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have; so that the amount by the head may be much the same.

The bill being made and discharged, Jones set forward with Partridge, carrying the knapsack; nor did the landlady condescend to wish him a good journey: for this was, it seems, an inn frequented by people of fashion; and I know not whence it is, but all those who get their livelihood by people of fashion, contract as much insolence to the rest of mankind, as if they really belonged to that rank themselves.

C H A P. VIII.

Jones arrives at Gloucester, and goes to the Bell; the character of that house, and of a pettyfogger, which he there meets with.

MR. Jones, and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of 'Little' was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near six feet high) having left their last quarters in the manner before described, travelled on to Gloucester, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they chose for their house of entertainment the sign of the Bell, an excellent house indeed, and which I do most seriously recommend to every reader who shall visit this ancient city. The master of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodism, or of any other heretical sect. He is indeed a very honest plain man, and in
my

my opinion, not likely to create any disturbance either in church or state. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretension to beauty, and still a very fine woman. Her person and deportment might have made a shining figure in the politest assemblies; but though she must be conscious of this, and many other perfections, she seems perfectly contented with, and resigned to the state of life to which she is called; and this resignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wisdom of her temper: for she is at present as free from any methodistical notions as her husband. I say at present: for she freely confesses that her brother's document made at first some impression upon her, and that she had put herself to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the spirit; but having found, during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, she says, worth a farthing, she very wisely laid by her hood, and abandoned the sect. To be concise, she is a very friendly, good-natured woman, and so industrious to oblige, that the guests must be of a very morose disposition who are not extremely well satisfied in her house.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her sagacity soon discovered in the air of our hero something which distinguished him from the vulgar. She ordered her servants, therefore, immediately to shew him into a room, and presently afterwards invited him to dinner with herself; which invitation he very thankfully accepted: for indeed much less agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worse entertainment than she had provided, would have been welcome, after so long fasting and so long a walk.

Besides Mr. Jones and the good governess of the mansion, there sat down at table an attorney of Salisbury, indeed the very same who had brought the news of Mrs. Blisl's death to Mr. Allworthy,

and whose name, which, I think, we did not before mention, was Dowling; there was likewise present another person, who stiled himself a lawyer, and who lived somewhere near Lidlinch in Somersetshire. This fellow, I say, stiled himself a lawyer, but was indeed a most vile petty-fogger, without sense or knowledge of any kind; one of those who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a sort of supernumeraries in the profession, who are the hackneys of attornies, and will ride more miles for half a crown than a post-boy.

During the time of dinner, the Somersetshire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had seen at Mr. Allworthy's: for he had often visited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occasion to enquire after the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to insinuate himself to be such, though he had never had the honour of speaking to any person in that family higher than the butler. Jones answered all his questions with much civility, though he never remembered to have seen the petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he usurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the conversation of fellows of this kind, is of all others the most detestable to men of any sense, the cloth was no sooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarously left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do penance which, I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taste, lament, as the severest lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their guests.

Jones had no sooner quitted the room, than the petty-fogger, in a whispering tone, asked Mrs. Whitefield, 'if she knew who that fine-spark was?'

She

She answered, 'She had never seen the gentleman before'—'The gentleman, indeed!' replied the petty-fogger; 'a pretty gentleman truly! who, he's the bastard of a fellow who was hanged for horse-stealing. He was dropt at Squire Allworthy's door, where one of the servants found him in a box so full of rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned, had he not been reserved for another fate.'—'Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I protest; we understand what that fate is very well,' cries Dowling, with a most facetious grin. 'Well,' continued the other, 'the Squire ordered him to be taken in; for he is a timberfome man every body knows, and was afraid of drawing himself into a scrape, and there the bastard was bred up, and fed and cloathified all to the world like any gentleman; and there he got one of the servant maids with child, and persuaded her to swear it to the Squire himself; and afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. Thwackum a clergyman, only because he reprimanded him for following whores; and afterwards he snapt a pistol at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and once when Squire Allworthy was sick, he got a drum, and beat it all over the house, to prevent him from sleeping: and twenty other pranks he hath played; for all which, about four or five days ago, just before I left the country, the Squire stripped him stark naked, and turned him out of doors.'

'And very justly too, I protest,' cries Dowling; 'I would turn my own son out of doors, if he was guilty of half as much. And pray what is the name of this pretty gentleman?'

'The name o'ua!' answered the pettyfogger, 'why, he is called Thomas Jones.'

'Jones!' answered Dowling, a little eagerly, 'what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's? was that the gentleman that dined with us?' 'The very same,' said the other. 'I have heard of the

‘gentleman,’ cries Dowling, ‘often; but I never heard any ill character of him.’ ‘And I am sure,’ says Mrs. Whitfield, ‘if half what this gentleman hath said be true, Mr. Jones hath the most deceitful countenance I ever saw; for sure his looks promise something very different; and I must say, for the little I have seen of him, he is as civil a well-bred man as you would wish to converse with.’

The petty-fogger calling to mind that he had not been sworn, as he usually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with so many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady’s ears were shocked, and she put a stop to his swearing by assuring him of her belief. Upon which he said, ‘I hope, Madam, you imagine I would scorn to tell such things of any man, unless I knew them to be true. What interest have I in taking away the reputation of a man who never injured me? I promise you every syllable of what I have said is fact, and the whole country knows it.’

As Mrs. Whitfield had no reason to suspect that the petty-fogger had any motive or temptation to abuse Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he so confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her skill in physiognomy, and henceforwards conceived so ill an opinion of her guest, that she heartily wished him out of her house.

This dislike was now farther encreased by a report which Mr. Whitfield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company, ‘that though he carried the knapsack, and contented himself with staying among servants, while Tom Jones (as he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his servant, but only a friend and companion, and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himself.’

Dowling

Dowling sat all this while silent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at last he opened his lips, and protested that the gentleman looked like another sort of a man. He then called for his bill with the utmost haste, declared he must be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of business, and wished he could divide himself into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The petty-fogger now likewise departed, and then Jones desired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but she refused, and with a manner so different from that with which she had received him at dinner, that it a little surprized him. And now he perceived her behaviour totally changed; for instead of that natural affability, which we have before celebrated, she wore a constrained severity on her countenance, which was so disagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he resolved, however late, to quit the house that evening.

He did indeed account somewhat unfairly for this sudden change: for besides some hard and unjust surmises concerning female fickleness and mutability, he began to suspect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horses; a sort of animals which, as they dirty no sheets, are thought in inn, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore considered as the more desirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield to do her justice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot: In reality, she looked on our hero as a sorry scoundrel, and therefore treated him as such, for which not even Jones himself, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he must have approved her conduct, and have esteemed her the more for the disrespect shewn towards himself. This is indeed a most aggravating circumstance which attends unjustly depriving

ving men of their reputation: for a man who is conscious of having an ill character, cannot justly be angry with those who neglect and slight him; but ought rather to despise such as affect his conversation, unless where a perfect intimacy must have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falsely and injuriously aspersed.

This was not, however, the case of Jones; for as he was a perfect stranger to the truth, so he was with good reason offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly against the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonstrated much against it to no purpose, at last condescended to take up his knapsack, and to attend his friend.

CHAP. IX.

Containing several dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow escape of Partridge as he was on the very brink of making a fatal discovery to his friend.

THE shadows began now to descend larger from the high mountains: The feathered creations had betaken themselves to their rest. Now the highest order of mortals were sitting down to their dinners, and the lowest order to their suppers. In a word, the clock struck five just as Mr. Jones took his leave of Gloucester; an hour at which (as it was now mid'winter) the dirty fingers of night would have drawn her sable curtain over the universe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as those of some jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to rise from her bed, where she had slumbered away the day in order to sit up all night.

night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and turning to his companion, asked him, if he had ever beheld so delicious an evening? Partridge making no ready answer to his question, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated some passages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his description of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the story from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themselves when they were at a great distance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleasing themselves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the same object at the same time. 'Those lovers,' added he, 'must have had souls truly capable of feeling all the tenderness of the sublimest of all human passions.' 'Very probably,' cries Partridge; 'but I envy them more, if they had bodies incapable of feeling cold; for I am almost frozen to death, and am very much afraid I shall lose a piece of my nose before we get to another house of entertainment. Nay, truly, we may well expect some judgment should happen to us for our folly in running away so by night from one of the most excellent inns I ever set my foot into. I am sure I never saw more good things in my life, and the greatest lord in the land cannot live better in his own house than he may there. And to forsake such a house, and go a rambling about the country, the lord knows whither, *per devia rura viarum*, I say nothing, for my part; but some people might not have charity enough to conclude we were in our sober senses.' 'Fie upon it, Mr. Partridge,' says Jones, 'have a better heart; consider you are going to face an enemy; and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wish, indeed, we had a guide to advise which of these roads we should take.' May I be so bold,' says Partridge, 'to offer my advice;

interdum stultus opportuna loquitur. ‘Why, which of them,’ cries Jones, ‘would you recommend?’ Truly neither of them,’ answered Partridge. ‘The only road we can be certain of finding, is the road we came. A good hearty pace will bring us back to Gloucester in an hour; but if we go forward, the lord Harry knows when we shall arrive at any place; for I see at least fifty miles before me, and no house in all the way.’ ‘You see, indeed, a very fair prospect,’ says Jones, ‘which receives great additional beauty from the extreme lustre of the moon. However, I will keep the left hand track, as that seems to lead directly to those hills, which we were informed lie not far from Worcester. And here, if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and return back again; but for my part, I am resolved to go forward.’

‘It is unkind in you, Sir,’ says Partridge, ‘to suspect me, of any such intention. What I have advised hath been as much on your account as on my own; but since you are determined to go on, I am as much determined to follow. *I præ, sequar te.*’

They now travelled some miles without speaking to each other, during which suspense of discourse Jones often sighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, tho’ from a very different reason. At length Jones made a full stop, and turning about, cries, ‘Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes now fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant?’ ‘Very likely, Sir,’ answered Partridge; ‘and if my eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast beef, the devil might take the moon and her horns into the bargain.’ ‘Did ever Tramontane make such an answer?’ cries Jones. ‘Prishee, Partridge, wast thou ever susceptible of love in thy life, or hath time worn away all the traces of it from thy memory?’ ‘Alack-a-day,’ cries Partridge, ‘well would it have been for me if I had never known what love was. *Infandum regina jubes*

jubes renovare dolorem. I am sure I have tasted all
 ' the tenderness and sublimities and bitternesses of the
 ' passion.' ' Was your mistress unkind then?' says
 Jones. ' Very unkind indeed, Sir,' answered Par-
 tridge; ' for she married me, and made one of the
 ' most confounded wives in the world. However,
 ' heaven be praised, she's gone; and if I believed she
 ' was in the moon, according to a book I once read,
 ' which teaches that to be the receptacle of departed
 ' spirits, I would never look at it for fear of seeing
 ' her: but I wish, Sir, that the moon was a looking-
 ' glass for your sake, and that Miss Sophia Western
 ' was now placed before it.' ' My dear Partridge,'
 cries Jones, ' what a thought was there! a thought
 ' which I am certain could never have entered into
 ' any mind but that of a lover. O Partridge, could
 ' I hope once again to see that face; but alas! all
 ' those golden dreams are vanished for ever, and my
 ' only refuge from future misery is to forget the ob-
 ' ject of all my former happiness.' ' And do you
 ' really despair of ever seeing Miss Western again?'
 answered Partridge: ' If you will follow my advice,
 ' I will engage you shall not only see her, but have
 ' her in your arms.' Ha! do not awaken a thought
 ' of that nature,' cries Jones. ' I have struggled
 ' sufficiently to conquer all such wishes already.'
 ' Nay,' answered Partridge, ' if you do not wish to
 ' have your mistress in your arms, you are a most ex-
 ' traordinary lover indeed.' ' Well, well,' says Jones,
 ' let us avoid this subject; but pray what is your ad-
 ' vice?' ' To give it you in the military phrase then,'
 says Partridge, ' as we are soldiers; to the right about.
 ' Let us return the way we came; we may yet reach
 ' Gloucester to-night, tho' late; whereas if we pro-
 ' ceed, we are likely, for ought I see, to ramble about
 ' for ever without coming either to house or home.'
 ' I have already told you my resolution is to go on,'
 answered Jones; ' but I would have you go back. I
 ' am obliged to you for your company hither; and I
 ' beg

‘ beg of you to accept a guinea as a small instance of
‘ my gratitude. Nay, it would be cruel in me to
‘ suffer you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly
‘ with you, my chief end and desire is a glorious death
‘ in the service of my king and country.’ ‘ As for
‘ your money,’ replied Partridge, ‘ I beg, Sir, you
‘ will put it up; I will receive none of you at this
‘ time; for at present I am, I believe, the richer man
‘ of the two. And as your resolution is to go on, so
‘ mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now my
‘ presence appears absolutely necessary to take care of
‘ you, since your intentions are so desperate, for I pro-
‘ mise you my views are much more prudent. As
‘ you are resolved to fall in battle, if you can, so I am
‘ resolved as firmly to come to no hurt if I can help
‘ it. And indeed I have the comfort to think there
‘ will be but little danger; for a popish priest told
‘ me the other day, the business would soon be over,
‘ and he believed without a battle.’ ‘ A popish
‘ priest!’ cries Jones, ‘ I have heard, is not always
‘ to be believed when he speaks in behalf of his reli-
‘ gion.’ ‘ Yes, but so far,’ answered the other,
‘ from speaking in behalf of his religion, he assured
‘ me, the Catholics did not expect to be any gainers
‘ by the change; for that prince Charles was as good
‘ a Protestant as any in England; and that nothing
‘ but regard to right made him and the rest of the
‘ popish party to be Jacobites.’ ‘ I believe him to
‘ be as much a Protestant as I believe he hath any
‘ right,’ says Jones, ‘ and I make no doubt of our
‘ success, but not without a battle. So that I am not
‘ so sanguine as your friend the popish priest.’ ‘ Nay,
‘ to be sure, Sir,’ answered Partridge, ‘ all the pro-
‘ phecies I have ever read, speak of a great deal of
‘ blood to be spilt in the quarrel, and the miller with
‘ three thumbs, who is now alive, is to hold the horses
‘ of three kings, up to his knees in blood. Lord
‘ have mercy upon us all, and send better times!’
‘ With what stuff and nonsense hast thou filled thy
‘ head?’

‘head?’ answered Jones. ‘This too, I suppose, comes from the popish priest. Monsters and prodigies are the proper arguments to support monstrous and absurd doctrines. The cause of King George is the cause of liberty and true religion. In other words, it is the cause of common sense, my boy, and I warrant you will succeed; tho’ Briarius himself was to rise again with his hundred thumbs, and to turn miller.’ Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed cast into the utmost confusion by this declaration of Jones. For to inform the reader of a secret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the same party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation. For the tall long-sided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monster of Virgil, had related the story of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her usual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the Pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cause for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and most firmly believed. ‘Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almost discovered to him before he found out his own mistake. And at this the reader will be the less inclined to wonder, if he pleases to recollect the doubtful phrase in which Jones first communicated his resolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been less ambiguous, Partridge might very well have construed them as he did; being persuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the same inclination in their hearts: nor did it stagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of soldiers; for he had the same opinion of the army which he had of the rest of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was still much more attached to little Benjamin than to either; for which reason he no sooner discovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, since he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be so desperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a constant correspondence with some of his neighbours since he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man, who as Partridge had been instructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have said, he did not in the least doubt to be his son.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promised great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himself with that young gentleman; and if he could by any means be instrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before said, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already observed, that he was a very good natured fellow, and he had himself declared the violent attachment he had to the person and character of Jones; but possibly the views which I have just before mentioned, might likewise have some little share in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at least in urging him to continue it, after he had discovered, that his master and himself, like some prudent fathers and sons, though they travelled together in great friendship, had embraced opposite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked, that though love, friendship, esteem, and such like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; interest, however, is an ingredient seldom

dom omitted by wise men, when they would work others to their own purpose. This is indeed a most excellent medicine, and like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you desire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it scarce ever fails of immediately producing the desired effect.

C H A P. X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very steep hill. Here Jones stopt short, and directing his eyes upwards, stood for a while silent. At length he called to his companion, and said, 'Partridge, I wish I was at the top of this hill; it must certainly afford a most charming prospect, especially by this light; for the solemn gloom which the moon casts on all objects, is beyond expression beautiful, especially to an imagination which is desirous of cultivating melancholy ideas.' 'Very probably,' answered Partridge; 'but if the top of the hill be properest to produce melancholy thoughts, I suppose the bottom is the likeliest to produce merry ones, and these I take to be much the better of the two. I protest you have made my blood run cold with the very mentioning the top of that mountain; which seems to me to be one of the highest in the world. No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a place under ground, to screen ourselves from the frost.'—'Do so,' said Jones, 'let it be but within hearing of this place, and I will hollow to you at my return back.' 'Surely, Sir, you are not mad,' said Partridge. 'Indeed I am,' answered Jones, 'if ascending this hill be madness; but as you come plain

‘plain so much of the cold already, I would have you stay below. I will certainly return to you within an hour.’ Pardon me, Sir, cries Partridge, ‘I have determined to follow you wherever you go.’ Indeed he was now afraid to stay behind; for though he was coward enough in all respects, yet his chief fear was that of ghosts, with which the present time of night, and the wildness of the place, extremely well suited.

At this instant Partridge espied a glimmering light through some trees, which seemed very near to them. He immediately cried out in a rapture, ‘Oh, Sir! heaven hath at last heard my prayers, and hath brought us to a house; perhaps it may be an inn. Let me beseech you, Sir, if you have any compassion either for me or yourself, do not despise the goodness of Providence, but let us go directly to you light. Whether it be a public house or no, I am sure if they be christians that dwell there, they will not refuse a little house-room to persons in our miserable condition.’ Jones at length yielded to the earnest supplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light issued.

They soon arrived at the door of this house of cataract: for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked several times without receiving any answer from within; at which Partridge, whose head was full of nothing but of ghosts, devils, witches, and such like, began to tremble, crying, ‘Lord have mercy upon us, sure the people must be all dead. I can see no light neither now, and yet I am certain I saw a candle burning but a moment before.—Well! I have heard of such things!’—‘What hast thou heard of?’ said Jones. ‘The people are either fast asleep, or probably, as this is a lonely place, are afraid to open their door.’ He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at last an old woman opening an upper casement, asked, ‘Who

' Who they were, and what they wanted ?' Jones answered, ' They were travellers who had lost their way, and having seen a light in the window, had been led thither in hopes of finding some fire to warm themselves.' ' Whoever you are,' cries the woman, ' you have no business here; nor shall I open the door to any body at this time of night.'—Partridge, whom the sound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the most earnest supplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, saying, ' he was almost dead with the cold,' to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the frost. He assured her, that the gentleman who spoke to her, was one of the greatest Squires in the country, and made use of every argument save one, which Jones afterwards effectually added, and this was the promise of half a crown. A bribe too great to be resisted by such a person, especially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly discovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely subdued those apprehensions of thieves which she had at first conceived. She agreed, therefore, at last to let them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no sooner warmed himself, than those thoughts which were always uppermost in his mind, began a little to disturb his brain. There was no article of his creed in which he had a stronger faith, than he had in witchcraft, nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inspire this idea, than the old woman who now stood before him. She answered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the First, her appearance alone would have hanged her almost without any evidence.

Many circumstances likewise conspired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined,

imagined, by herself in so lonely a place; and in a house, the outside of which seemed much too good for her; but where the inside was furnished in the most neat and elegant manner. To say the truth, Jones himself was not a little surprized at what he saw: For, besides the extraordinary neatness of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks and curiosities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso.

While Jones was admiring these things, and Partridge sat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the house of a witch, the old woman said, ‘I hope, Gentlemen, you will make what haste you can; for I expect my master presently, and I would not for double the money he should find you here.’ Then you have a master,’ cries Jones; ‘Indeed you will excuse me, good woman, but I was surprized to see all those fine things in your house.’ Ah, Sir!’ said she, ‘if the twentieth part of these things were mine, I should think myself a rich woman; but pray, Sir, do not stay much longer: For I look for him in every minute.’—‘Why sure he would not be angry with you,’ said Jones, ‘for doing a common act of charity.’ Alack-a-day, Sir,’ said she, ‘he is a strange man, not at all like other people. He keeps no company with any body, and seldom walks out but by night, for he doth not care to be seen; and all the country people are as much afraid of meeting him; for his dress is enough to frighten those who are not used to it. They call him ‘The Man of the Hill’ (for there he walks by night) and the country people are not, I believe, more afraid of the devil himself. He would be terribly angry if he found you here.’ Pray, Sir,’ says Partridge, ‘don’t let us offend the gentleman; I am ready to walk, and was never warmer in my life.—Do, pray, Sir, let us go—here are pistols over the chimney; who knows whether they be charged or no, or what he may do with them.’

' them ? Fear nothing, Partridge,' cries Jones, ' I
 ' will secure thee from danger.'—' Nay, for matter
 ' o' that, he never doth any mischief,' said the wo-
 man ; ' but to be sure it is necessary he should keep
 ' some arms for his own safety ; for his house hath
 ' been beset more than once, and it is not many
 ' nights ago, that we thought we heard thieves about
 ' it : For my own part, I have often wondered that
 ' he is not murdered by some villain or other, as he
 ' walks out by himself at such hours ; but then, as
 ' I said, the people are afraid of him, and besides
 ' they think, I suppose, he has nothing about him
 ' worth taking.' ' I should imagine, by this collec-
 ' tion of rarities,' cries Jones, ' that your master
 ' had been a traveller.' ' Yes, Sir,' answered she,
 ' he hath been a very great one ; there be few gentle-
 ' men that know more of all matters than he ; I fan-
 ' cy he hath been crost in love, or whatever it is, I
 ' know not, but I have lived with him above these
 ' thirty years, and in all that time he hath hardly
 ' spoke to six living people.' She then again solicited
 their departure, in which she was backed by Par-
 tridge ; but Jones purposely protracted the time :
 For his curiosity was greatly raised to see this extra-
 ordinary person. Though the old woman, there-
 fore, concluded every one of her answers with de-
 siring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded so
 far as to pull him by the sleeve, he still continued to
 invent new questions, till the old woman, with an
 affrighted countenance, declared she heard her ma-
 ster's signal ; and at the same instant more than one
 voice was heard without the door, crying, ' D—n
 ' your blood, shew us your money this instant.
 ' Your money, you villain, or we will blow your
 ' brains about your ears.'

' O, good heaven !' cries the old woman, some
 ' villains, to be sure, have attacked my master. O
 ' la ! what shall I do ? what shall I do ?' ' How,'
 ' cries Jones, ' how are these pistols loaded ?' ' O,
 ' good

‘good, Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed—O
 ‘pray dont murder us, gentlemen,’ (for in reality
 she now had the same opinion of those within, as
 she had of those without.) Jones made her no
 answer; but snatching an old broad-sword which
 hung in the room, he instantly sallied out, where
 he found the old gentleman struggling with two
 ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones asked no
 questions, but fell so briskly to work with his
 broad-sword, that the fellows immediately quitted
 their hold; and, without offering to attack our
 hero, betook themselves to their heels, and made
 their escape; for he did not attempt to pursue them;
 being contented with having delivered the old gentle-
 man; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well
 done their business: For both of them, as they ran
 off, cried out with bitter oaths, that they were dead
 men.

Jones presently ran to lift up the old gentleman;
 who had been thrown down in the scuffle, expressing
 at the same time great concern, lest he should have
 received any harm from the villains. The old man
 stared a moment at Jones, and then cried,—‘No, Sir,
 ‘no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord
 ‘have mercy upon me!’ ‘I see, Sir,’ said Jones,
 ‘you are not free from apprehensions even of those
 ‘who have had the happiness to be your deliverers;
 ‘nor can I blame any suspicions which you may
 ‘have; but indeed, you have no real occasion for
 ‘any; here are none but your friends present.
 ‘Having mist our way this cold night, we took the
 ‘liberty of warming ourselves at your fire, whence
 ‘we were just departing when we heard you call for
 ‘assistance, which I must say, Providence alone seems
 ‘to have sent you’—‘Providence indeed,’ cries the
 old gentleman, ‘if it be so.’—‘So it is, I assure you,’
 cries Jones; ‘here is your own sword, Sir. I have
 ‘used it in your defence, and I now return it into
 ‘your own hand.’ The old man having received
 ‘the

‘ the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, looked stedfastly at Jones during some moments, and then with a sigh,’ cried out, ‘ you will pardon me, young gentleman, I was not all ways of a suspicious temper, nor am I a friend to ingratitude.’ ‘ Be thankful then,’ cries Jones, ‘ to that Providence to which you owe your deliverance; as to my part, I have only discharged the common duties of humanity, and what I would have done for any fellow creature in your situation.’ ‘ Let me look at you a little longer,’ cries the old gentleman—‘ You are a human creature then?—’ ‘ Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk into my little hut. You have been my deliverer indeed.’

The old woman was distracted between the fears which she had of her master, and for him; and Partridge was, if possible, in a greater fright. The former of these, however, when she heard her master speak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herself; but Partridge no sooner saw the gentleman, than the strangeness of his dress infused greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt either from the strange description which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To say the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more constant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This person was of the tallest size, with a long beard as white as snow. His body was clothed with the skin of an ass, made something into the form of a coat. He wore likewise boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both composed of the skin of some other animals.

As soon as the old gentleman came into his house, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy escape from the ruffians. ‘ Yes,’ cried he, ‘ I have escaped indeed, thanks to my preserver.’ —‘ O the blessing on him,’ answered she, ‘ he is a good,

‘ good gentleman I warrant him. I was afraid your worship should have been angry with me for letting him in; and to be certain I should not have done it, had not I seen by the moon-light, that he was a gentleman, and almost frozen to death. And to be certain it must have been some good angel that sent him hither, and tempted me to do it.’

‘ I am afraid, Sir,’ said the old gentleman to Jones, ‘ that I have nothing in this house which you can either eat or drink, unless you will accept a dram of brandy; of which I can give you some most excellent, and which I have had by me, these thirty years.’ Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper speech, and then the other asked him ‘ whither he was travelling when he mist his way? saying, I must own myself surprized to see such a person as you appear to be journeying on foot at this time of night. I suppose, Sir, you are a gentleman of these parts; for you do not look like one who is used to travel far without horses.’

‘ Appearances,’ cried Jones, ‘ are often deceitful; men sometimes look like what they are not. I assure you, I am not of this country, and whither I am travelling, in reality I scarce know myself.’

‘ Whoever you are, or whithersoever you are going,’ answered the old man, ‘ I have obligations to you which I can never return.’

5 JA 59

END OF VOL. IV. OF THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES.

your
ting
done
was
d to
that

ones,
can
rain
most
hese
very
sked
t his
d to
ney-
Sir,
do
nout

ceit-
not.
and
now

go-
ions

YES.